HAS LIFE BEEN TOO EASY FOR US?

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

FEB. 4,
1933

Liberty

5¢

ARTHUR
SMITH

WRITERS Attention!

$10,000 has been set aside for unknown authors

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

FEBRUARY 4, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 5

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by ARTHUR SMITH

OUR NEW PRESIDENT SHOULD HAVE A FREE HAND

Our new President will face serious emergencies.

Will he be hampered and restricted in his efforts to make necessary changes? Or will he be given full authority to handle the unparalleled situation that now exists at Washington?

Drastic action is absolutely essential, and the general public expects it of their new Executive. The people voted for a change. The huge vote that the Democrats polled was not influenced by party politics. The voters wanted a change.

They want the new deal that our new President has promised. That will mean, first and foremost, that federal government expenses will be "cut to the bone."

Huge taxation is the specter that confronts business men everywhere at this time, and unless the source of the necessity for these expenditures can be effectively attacked our situation is hopeless.

With the war came reckless expenditures of every kind, accompanied by the apparent desire of our officials to become the godfather of all the suffering European countries. Our treasury was overflowing. Billions were at our command; and they were loaned and spent with reckless abandon. And it will probably take us several generations to pay the bill for this official madness.

In a sense the government is a huge corporation. Its management presents monumental business problems. The solution of these difficulties will face President Roosevelt immediately after he is inaugurated. And a huge army of employees—hundreds of thousands of them—will be "pulling wires," using every possible influence to hold on to their jobs.

Hundreds of thousands of workers have been placed on the federal pay roll within the last few years and a large number should find themselves out of work when the new régime begins to function. If the president of a large corporation were faced with the difficulties our new official must solve, he would take the present expenses of the various departments of the federal government and compare them with the records previous to the war, and he could then determine to what extent the huge additions could be curtailed.

A large percentage of this expense can doubtless be eliminated, and it should be done with the same hard-boiled attitude that is assumed by an average business executive. This is no ordinary situation that we are facing at this time. A dire emergency of most serious import faces this country. Individuals cannot be considered. The welfare of the whole country is at stake, and practically every expense not absolutely necessary added to the federal government in the last twenty years should be wiped out. The new administration should start with a clean slate and if possible a balanced budget.

It has been maintained that the bill of nearly a billion dollars a year for pensions can be cut in half if the fraudulent claims are eliminated. Or better still, every state should take over the taxation function for pensions and pay its own claims. Then fraudulent claims would automatically be removed.

All the various commissions that are now attempting to guide and direct business, which are a source of huge expense, should be abolished root and branch. Business is having enough trouble at the present time without being annoyed by a lot of amateur executives of political origin.

Let us hope that the federal government will confine its business under the Democratic régime to the business of governing; that it will stop meddling in business; cease trying to control and direct the activities of business. This depression has undoubtedly been augmented materially by this governmental interference.

Everybody wants a new deal—a definite outstanding change that will be felt throughout the country; and the more revolutionary this change proves to be the better it will suit the voters. They have been irritated beyond measure by the arrogance and, in some instances, lawless acts of officials in high places.

If we can now have a "hard-boiled" business government in which the word *economy* is much overused in every department, it will do much to bring us out of the mire and muck of the present financial crisis.

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Sports and games and physical exercise are of undeniable value.

Has Life *Easy*

What America Needs Is a Return to the Character-Building Hardships of the Pioneers, Says the Next First Lady of the Land

(Reading time: 14 minutes 15 seconds.)

LIFE is more luxurious today than ever before in the history of the world. Regardless of "hard times," we are enjoying comforts that other ages never knew. The trouble is that we have come to regard these luxuries as necessities; it appears that we cannot be happy unless we have a bathtub, or electric light, or some of the other machines which make modern life so easy and pleasant.

In such civilization as the Romans' and Greeks', luxury was confined entirely to a small group at the top. Today a certain amount of luxury comes even to the least fortunate members of society.

History would seem to show that with the advent of great luxury there is an inevitable softening of the race, and the civilization which reaches the point of great physical comfort is shortly going to die.

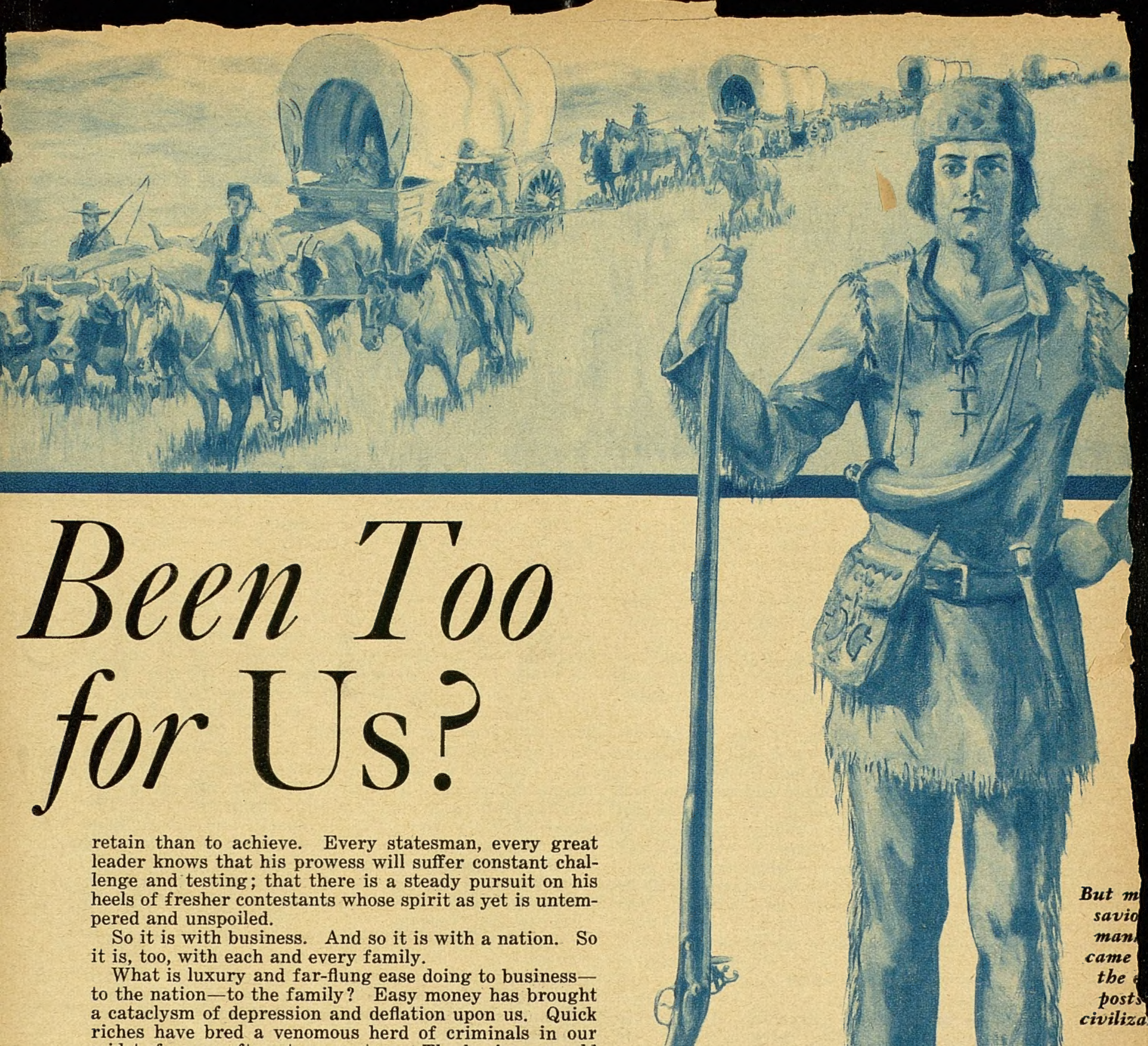
The great question today is whether history is going to repeat itself or not. Has this mode of comfortable and easy living a deteriorating effect? And if it has, what are the remedies to be applied before our civilization goes the way of the Roman and the Greek?

Countless times, hordes of hardy, "ignorant" if you like, but strong warlike tribes have marched in, conquered, and swept away the self-indulgent civilizations of the past.

Why? Because the successful nation, having attained a superior æsthetic and sophisticated point of culture and civilization, deserted the fight for further development and, instead, rested on its laurels and floated with lazy comfort in the sea of satisfaction and satiation.

In other words, having won the prize, what was there to work for? Having reached the goal, was there anything more needed but to enjoy its fruits in peace? Reaction all too human—and all too destructive.

Every champion knows that his worst fight begins when he has reached the peak. Every famous beauty, every popular actress knows that stardom is harder to



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Been Too for Us?

retain than to achieve. Every statesman, every great leader knows that his prowess will suffer constant challenge and testing; that there is a steady pursuit on his heels of fresher contestants whose spirit as yet is untempered and unspoiled.

So it is with business. And so it is with a nation. So it is, too, with each and every family.

What is luxury and far-flung ease doing to business—to the nation—to the family? Easy money has brought a cataclysm of depression and deflation upon us. Quick riches have bred a venomous herd of criminals in our midst, from grafters to gangsters. The business world is suffering from overprosperity. What about the family?

YES, what about you, and your children—and their future? Compare yourself with your parents; your present mode of living and thinking with theirs, not so long ago. You are used to sewer systems, water supply, electric light and gas, the telephone, the radio, and the automobile. Your parents did not know these physical comforts.

We cannot do away with the machines or the products of machinery. They are here to stay. They have completely changed daily living in the past forty years. All of them add greatly to the convenience of living, to the pleasure of life. In themselves they are good, and they only become harmful if we misuse them.

But we must ask ourselves: Are we happier and better off today because of them? What do we get from these modern inventions?

The hours which were spent on the mechanics of living in the home of my childhood only forty-odd years ago were hours happily and usefully spent. Nowadays everything comes into our hands as fully prepared as possible, so that living and home-making are reduced to the least possible effort. The pioneer home of a hundred years ago was a place where initiative and many skills were

By

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Illustrations
by Clyde Prettyman

needed, and in my childhood of forty years ago these needs had not entirely vanished. People were active and busy in their households; there was much to be done; one needed forethought, careful planning, initiative, quick thinking in emergencies. One became, perforce, a jack of all trades; women were their own designers and manufacturers; a home was built, furnished, and supported, the family was fed, clothed, and kept warm and clean and well, only by the untiring efforts and careful thought of the members of the family themselves.

Occupations for men and women have gone from the home, and what have we put in their places? Almost everything can be machine- and factory-made and brought home. We are freed, then, from the mountainous labor of mere living and home-making that our parents knew.

Are we using this time to greater advantage? Are we finding things to do ourselves, and training our children so that the ease of life will not have a softening effect on their characters?

Why is it that so many of our successful men in the big cities today came from the farm? Can it be that the farm had certain discomforts which gave these men grit and hardihood, trained them so that they reached manhood with a real backbone and an ability to overcome difficulties?

What of the commercial kings of today who once landed on our shores "ignorant" immigrants with less than five dollars in their pockets and less than five words of our language at their command?

What of the famed names that any of us can mention ho bear a legend of harsh childhood, even poverty-ricken childhood?

What of the newsboys who are now at the heads of great industries—the successful men of today who have climbed above disease, lack of education and culture, poor environments in their youth?

You would not want your children to face similar circumstances. Your boy is not going to sell newspapers and go ill clad, undernourished, and half frozen if you can help it. Your boy is going to college and meet the best people, if you know anything about it. Your boy or girl is not going to set sail without a dollar for Russia or Japan or any other country and attempt to wrest a livelihood there without even knowing the language. No; your daughter and your son will visit those countries with as much ease and comfort as possible, and with the best letters of introduction you can muster. You and your children are not going to live in the backwoods. Many a great world leader, many a savior of mankind, many a towering financial giant came from the backwoods, from the outposts of civilization, from the "sticks." But you and your children are going to live in the city, right in the center of things, where all the "advantages" of life are within reach. You and yours are not going to get up in zero weather and struggle with stoves and fires, battle through the wind to water pumps. Your child isn't going to tramp three or four miles to school in all weathers.

VERY well. Nobody should gainsay you. It is human to want to give our children the best within our means—even beyond our means! Surround them with comfort and ease and charm and culture.

But what are we substituting for physical hardships? Surely sports alone cannot supply the same stability and dauntless character? Sports and games and physical exercise are of undeniable value. *But just as a strong body is the result of constant exercise, so a strong character is built by constant striving to overcome physical, mental, and material difficulties.*

Life is made as smooth for children of today as is humanly possible. The more successful the parent, the more lyrical the life of the child. As the parent achieves a new comfort or luxury, the child accepts it with equal satisfaction and enjoyment.

You may have worked hard for your car and your radio; your telephone bill may worry you every thirty days. Your children regard the car and the radio and telephone as their natural right. Your children have their parties and their friends, and their party clothes; movies and candy are common—and those are but the least of their many diversions.

Even education is made simple for them. The old theory of education was that we learned such subjects as Latin and Greek in order to train the mind. It was granted that they might not have immediate or indeed eventual usefulness; that they might not be pleasant or easy things to learn. But it was felt that their value lay in training the mind to overcome difficulties. Learning was made purposely difficult in the old days. We have changed all that. Latin and Greek are required in few colleges today. Few of us doubt that we have changed for the better in making school more attractive and interesting. But are we, perhaps, ignoring the most important side of education—the building of character?

The qualities of fine character in our forebears were developed, primarily, because individuals had to strive and overcome obstacles daily to achieve security so that they could enjoy food, shelter, warmth, and later grow to appreciate beauty and the fruits of knowledge and peace.

Now we and our children have to strive in new and very different ways. Can these ways be made as vital as the old primal needs so that they will keep alive in our children those qualities of character which worth-while men and women must have?

For me there is only one answer. Hardships of one kind or another are a necessity to the building of character.

IF a child is born into a great family in England, with the inheritance goes a large measure of responsibility for other people. This necessitates a certain kind of training for the child and the development of certain qualities. In our country this has not been the case. With our wealth there has rarely been inherited responsibility.

How many times have we seen successful men with worthless sons and daughters to inherit that which they have achieved through labor of hand and brain? How many times have we seen fathers who wrested great gains single-handed pass on—only to have the sons plunge the business into bankruptcy and ruin within a decade? How many children who inherit property and money have been taught the value and the responsibility and the further enhancement of their inheritance?

If we make life easy for our children we must teach them why we do so, and what they can accomplish with that ease and freedom.

Most of us are terribly impressed with our responsibilities to our children; most of us never truly impress *them* with *their* responsibilities toward others, toward us, toward their name and station, toward their future. We must show them constructive ways of utilizing their spare time.

No one can be truly happy unless he is doing something—preferably something worth the doing—generally something that makes the doer important to himself, to others, to the world. Much of the destructive activity of today comes from the fact that as a whole we are not obliged to work hard. And nothing is more demoralizing, though we may not realize it at the moment, than work taken up to pass the time, to bridge the years between school and marriage. No, nothing is more ruinous than dabbling around in jobs, ineffective, half-hearted work without any vital purpose.

To preserve the race, I think we must voluntarily discipline ourselves and our children. First, in physical ways: learn to harden our bodies, to bear heat and cold, weariness and pain with as little notice as possible and no complaint.

I have heard people say that this physical toughening and strengthening is being accomplished today by sports and the great increase in outdoor camping. These activities may help, but they do not entirely cover the training I have in mind. The old Olympic games and the journeys of the knights of old in search of adventure may be matched today by our sports and camp life. Our splendid men and women who stand out for physical prowess or for their daring deeds on sea and land, or in the air, awaken admiration and inspire the young people today as heroes and adventurous spirits have ever done. But they touch only a fraction of the race. It is the people as a whole, men and women alike, rich as well as poor, who must submit to physical discipline. Stern and strict physical training will not only mean a hardier and stronger race physically, but will bring about a people of stronger and more enduring character.

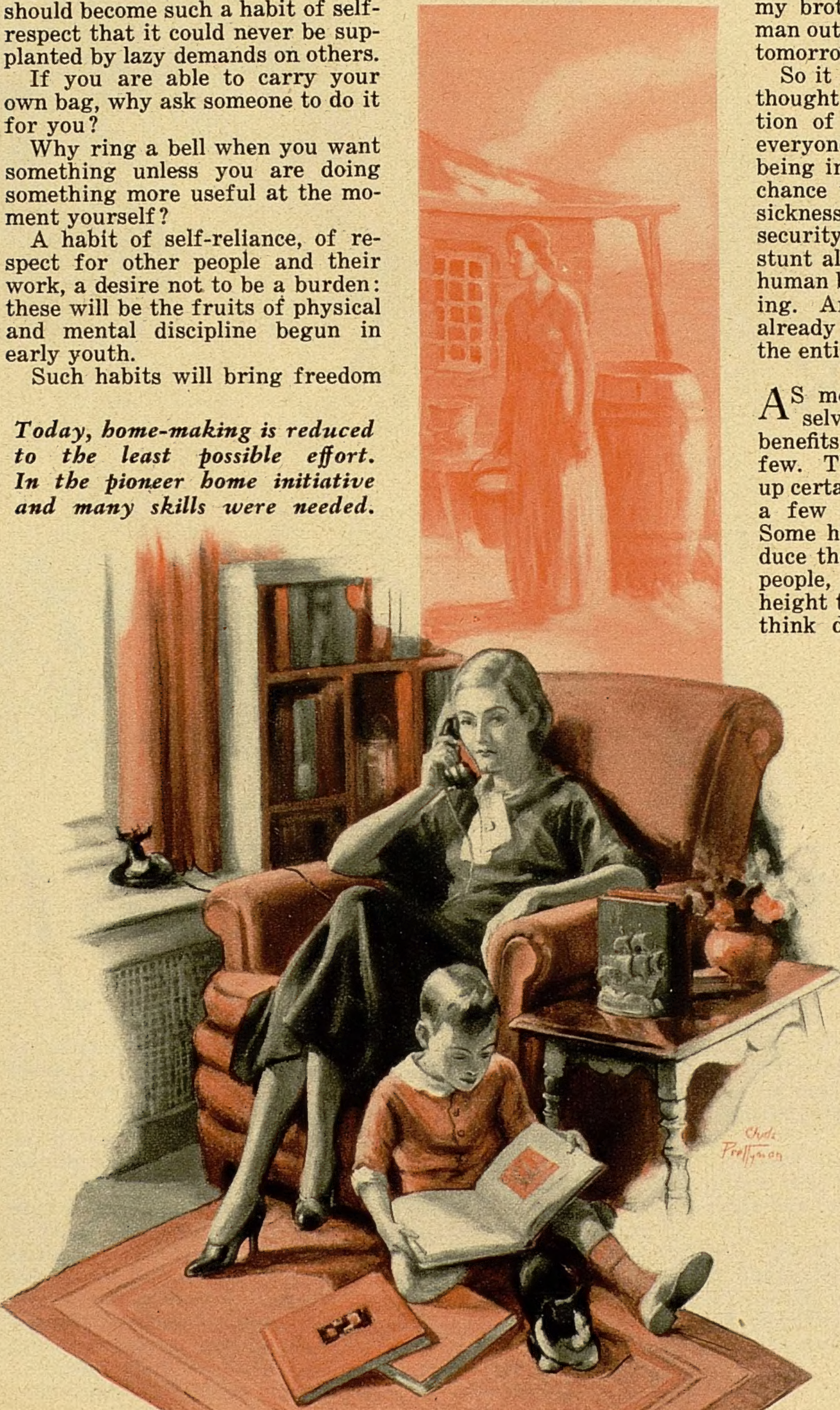
Personally I dislike to see a person ask another individual to do something for him which he could do for himself, unless he renders some service in return. People physically fit will scorn unnecessary service. Only the old and feeble or the physically handicapped are entitled to have things done for them which they can do themselves. Unless we are doing some major work, or rendering some service which so fills our time that we cannot perform certain tasks for ourselves, we should not ask others to do them for us. For instance, a man or woman doing physical or mental productive work is entitled to household service. But there can be no parasites in a strong and virile race, and looking after yourself must begin as early as possible, and should become such a habit of self-respect that it could never be supplanted by lazy demands on others.

If you are able to carry your own bag, why ask someone to do it for you?

Why ring a bell when you want something unless you are doing something more useful at the moment yourself?

A habit of self-reliance, of respect for other people and their work, a desire not to be a burden: these will be the fruits of physical and mental discipline begun in early youth.

Such habits will bring freedom from fear and a more ready acceptance of new ideas. And one of the most important and violent of the "new ideas" necessary to mankind today is the realization that no civilization can last where even a small percentage of the people have to struggle against impossible social conditions.



Today, home-making is reduced to the least possible effort. In the pioneer home initiative and many skills were needed.

We cannot go on thinking of ourselves alone, working and planning for our selfish, personal gain. We must begin to think and plan for the race as a whole, giving them the opportunities for work, for healthful surroundings, for decency and self-respect to which they are all entitled. Why? Not because of any idealistic idea of helping mankind. No. But from the sheer desperate realization that in hurting and depriving them we are hurting and depriving ourselves in the long run. Our present depression is certainly showing that much logic as versus mere ideals.

People do not seem to grasp it today, but the ideal of Christianity is an ideal of self-preservation! I may not be my brother's keeper, but what happens to my brother sooner or later touches me. The man out of work today means a little less income tomorrow, even to the millionaire!

So it will be sheer practicality, then, to give thought and careful consideration to the condition of the masses. Their condition affects everyone's condition. What can be worse than being in need of work—than begging for the chance to work so that children may be fed, sickness thwarted, having as a goal the hope of security and happiness? Present conditions stunt all spiritual growth, shrivel the souls of human beings and leave them bitter and brooding. And that bitterness and that brooding is already threatening to become a boomerang on the entire race.

AS mere selfish practicality, then, we ourselves and our children must look to the benefits of the many rather than the gain of a few. The coming generation may have to give up certain luxuries, certain peaks of ease which a few of them have attained in the past. Some have argued that the race will not produce the most highly gifted individuals; that people, if they are not allowed to rise to any height they wish, will lose all ambition. But I think differently. For we will substitute a different kind of ambition.

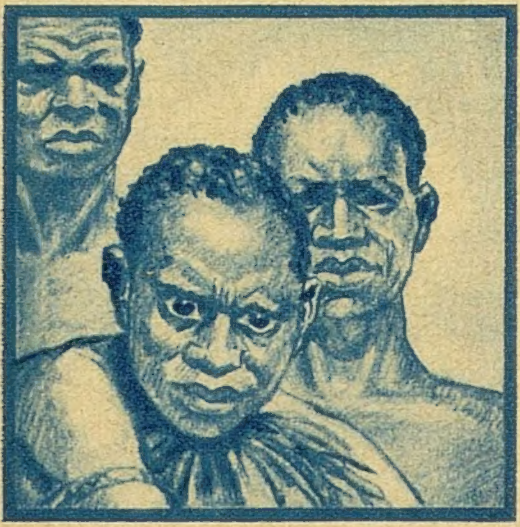
It will cease to be a purely selfish, personal ambition, and become an ambition which embraces all the people.

Each individual will strive to develop to the maximum of his or her abilities, in order to obtain the necessary comforts and joys of life for the individual home and family. But each individual will refuse to allow conditions which do not give every other human being a stated minimum opportunity in life.

We will have to learn that the way to preserve our present civilization lies along the path which will seem to some almost akin to throwing it away. Namely, a path of willingness to sacrifice the privileges of a few for the greater good of the many. If the coming generation can be taught to think not in terms of personal gain but in terms of gains to the human race, in terms of building their own character so that they have the ability to stand on their own two feet to meet whatever obstacles come in their path, face forward, without asking help from anyone else, then I think we have a chance to go on a little longer before we meet our Waterloo.

THE END

A Story of Breathless Adventure and a Romance That Was Sealed at the Bottom of the Sea



By
R. G. KIRK

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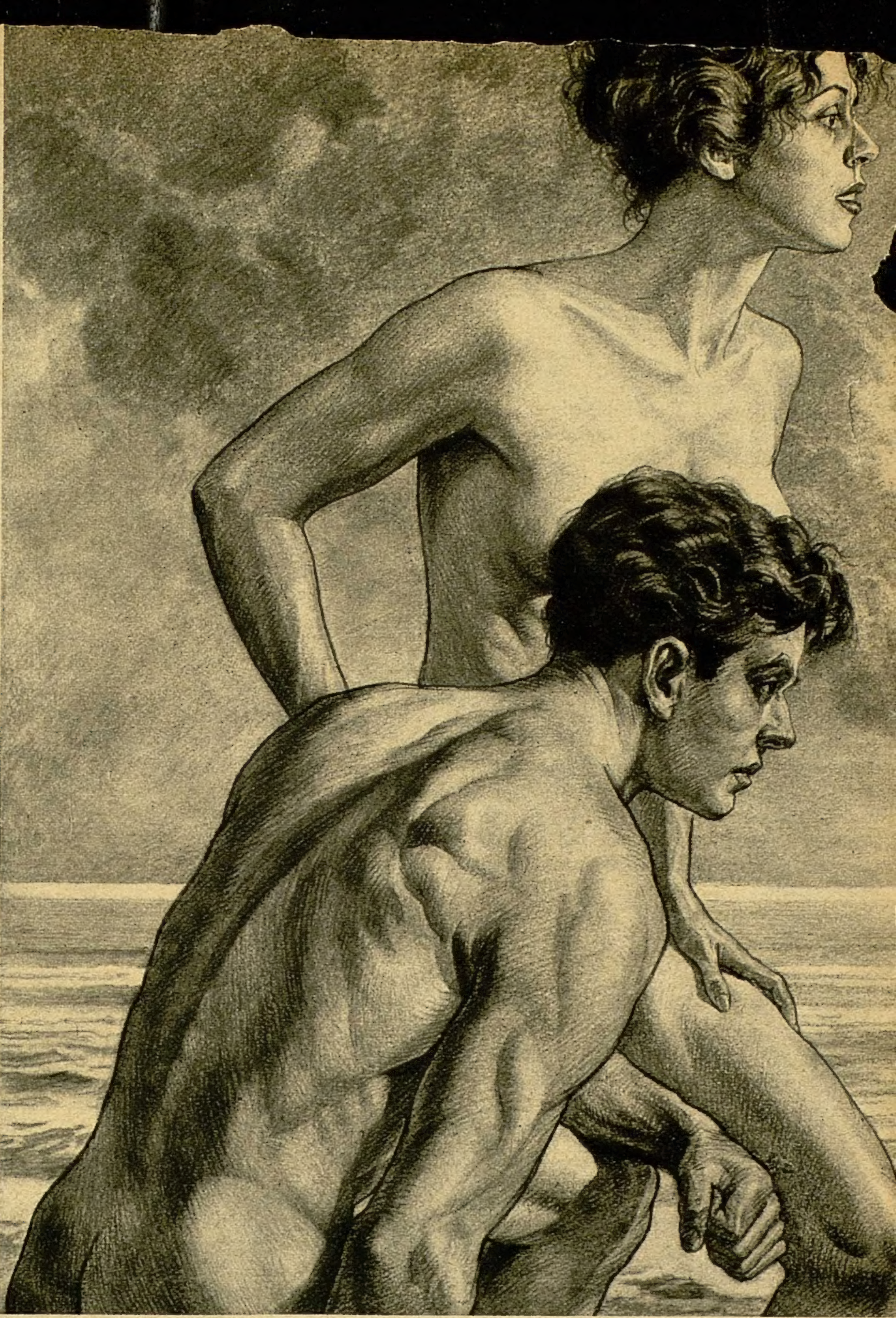
Carl Link



Garments of

(Reading time: 23 minutes 45 seconds.)

WE swam unclad, we three, out into Nossi Kombi Channel, where, with the change of tide, the gray man-eaters would be coming up out of the Mozambique.

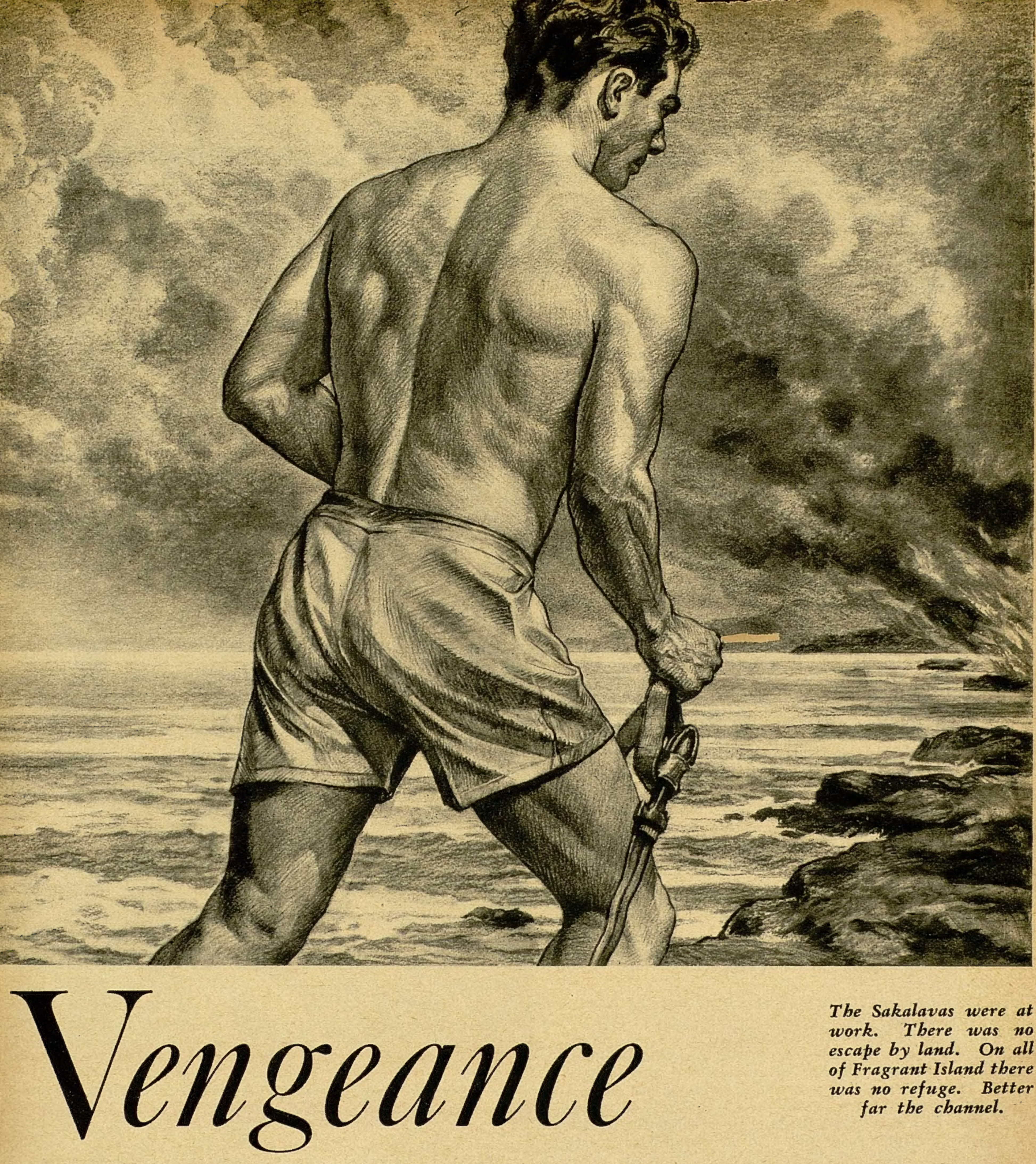
There was Pierre du Frenne, the noblest friend any man ever had—or any woman; and there was I, who also was in love with Charlotte Braeme; and there was Charlotte Braeme.

We swam, we three, out into Nossi Kombi Channel, away from the reeking holocaust of Fragrant Island, where paradise had been the day before. Better the cold gray devils of the sea should have the lovely flesh of Charlotte Braeme than the hell-fired black devils of the land.

But maybe, by the grace of the good God, who had mercifully made all three of us strong swimmers, we could cheat the ghastly gray ones. Nossi Kombi Channel was not past our strength. Three hours, swimming strongly. But we had to make the swim in two. For it was now past dawn, and at six the tide would be in flood, bringing the dreadful dorsals out of the Mozambique. And so, for utmost speed, we swam utterly unclad.

I am François Martel, a Creole Frenchman, born here on Grande Ile (Great Island), Madagascar, mightiest of the colonies of France. Many think Creole signifies mixed blood. Not so. Mine goes back, pure, to Charles Martel, "the Hammer." And Charlotte Braeme is Creole too, but French as Gaul, and beautiful as France.

Pierre du Frenne is of the motherland. He came out to the colony to grow sugar. Pierre's wide-spreading brakes are on the Madagascar mainland. My coffee



Vengeance

The Sakalavas were at work. There was no escape by land. On all of Fragrant Island there was no refuge. Better far the channel.

groves flourish once more, as I write this, on Fragrant Island—Nossi Andriamanitra, as the soft Malagasy names it—a little offshore paradise, if for no other reason than that Charlotte Braeme had grown to womanhood upon it.

But on the day of which I write it was not paradise but hell. The long slopes of that little island peak blazed infernally as the red cock flew from coffee shed to sugar mill, from planter's home to brake, and there swarmed toward the morning stars a hundred billion sparks and blazing wisps of cane, their glowing motes gold-bright against a pall of smoke that nearly smothered out the dawn.

Under that sooty canopy the Sakalavas were at the unutterable work which left, at last, not one white face upon the little island.

At the first burst of insurrection big Pierre du Frenne, my guest, and I left my plantation to the maddened blacks, and raced, in an agony of apprehension, for the seaside home of Charlotte Braeme. We reached it just before the Sakalavas did. They were all about us. There was no escape by land. On all of little Fragrant Island there was no refuge for a white. Cane knife for men. For women—better far the Nossi Kombi Channel. So we disrobed, we three, Charlotte Braeme unashamed as a little girl, because she knew we loved her. Blue water hid her loveliness from the sacrilege of Sakalava eyes. Her white feet had not started churning the sea to froth before a screaming, hideous black frizzy-headed rout swarmed on the beach.

A dozen of their finest swimmers followed us beyond the breakers. Pierre du Frenne dropped back and let them nearly come up with him. Then he sank. He is the most tremendous man I've ever seen. He has the most tremendous chest, the deepest lungs. One after one, three of the hellish dozen went down with a choking, dreadful yell before Pierre came up again. By then the rest of them were thrashing madly back toward the beach.

And so we started now across the channel, swimming directly at the great promontory of Antoransanga, on the Madagascar mainland, under whose beetling side were spread the wide plantations of Pierre du Frenne. The torch of black revolt had not come that far north.

We swam a killing pace. I knew that big Pierre was like a dolphin in the sea, and Charlotte Braeme a mermaid. But I never knew that I could swim like that. It was the good God helping me, I know. We swam unhampered, as sea creatures swim; although Pierre did, by a trifle, lack the perfect freedom of Charlotte and me. He had about his broad, flat, muscle-corrugated middle a belt, and in it a wicked snaky-bladed Malay kris.

I thought he wore it for the Sakalavas, such as ventured after us. But when he turned those back there had arisen no red stain in the sea's clean blue. The three he had dragged under he had very simply drowned. The danger of pursuit now past, I wondered why he had not long ago unbuckled belt and heavy knife and dropped them into the depths of Nossi Kombi.

We were an hour out when Pierre explained. He turned upon his back and signaled us to rest.

" I leave you here," he said.

I could not voice a word of protest or of wonderment. I could only float and ease my pounding heart.

But Charlotte Braeme cried out, " No! No, Pierre! "

I think she must have sensed what he intended.

" Yes, yes, Charlotte," he said. " I feel the change of tide. From now I swim diagonally against it. You take the straight course, you and François. When they come up the channel, I will meet them first. I can hold them a little while, I think! "

The pounding in my chest had eased a little now.

" No! " I said. " No, Pierre! "

" Yes! " said Pierre. " You are to live for her. To die for her—that is my paradise. It is you whom she loves! "

He rolled on his great chest, put down his head, reached out a mighty arm ahead of him and sank it. He drove his body up the steep slope of a wave, and over its crest, and down the other side, out of our sight. Pierre du Frenne was gone.

I COULD not follow. She would have followed too. I had to let him swim away alone.

" How did he know? " was all my lips could say.

" Every one on Grande Ile knows it but you! " said Charlotte Braeme.

So I took her in my arms and kissed her there, suspended in the sea; and the salt upon her lips was sweeter than the dew on Madagascar roses.

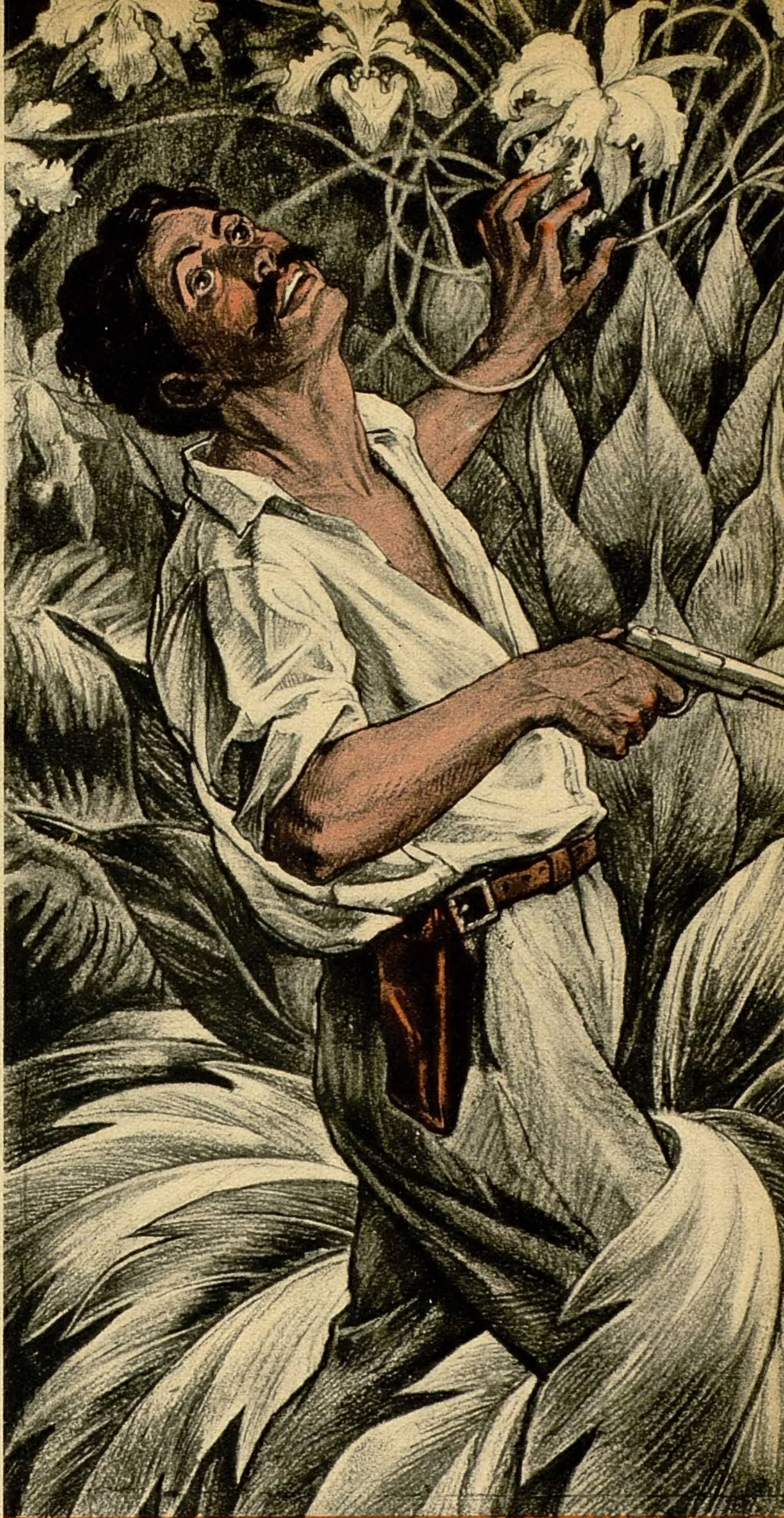
Then we laid our course toward the towering promontory of Antoransanga, and swam as man and woman never swam before. It was the heaven of our kiss, I think, the taste of ecstasies before us, that lent us water strength. It was a vision of daughters beautiful as she, of sons who might grow into men as splendid as Pierre du Frenne. Inside two hours we could hear the great surf bursting like cannon fire on the reefs of Madagascar's mainland.

We almost made the mainland. Antoransanga's great cliffs towered over us when there drove down upon us hideous despair.

It was not the sharks. It was a terror worse than any sharks. It was a dhow—a dhow with its long yard aslant and lateen sail outbellied. And on the very end of its far overhanging prow a grinning skull, the Jolly Roger of the terrible west coast Sakalava pirates. It swept around the sharp cape of Antoransanga and was on us—at its rail a row of lecherous, gloating frizzy-heads; and in the open waist the bloated form of Grübl!

I took her in my arms. She looked into my eyes and, seeing what was there, smiled happily.

" You are not afraid? " I asked.



Suddenly he was screaming. A tendril was round his wrist.

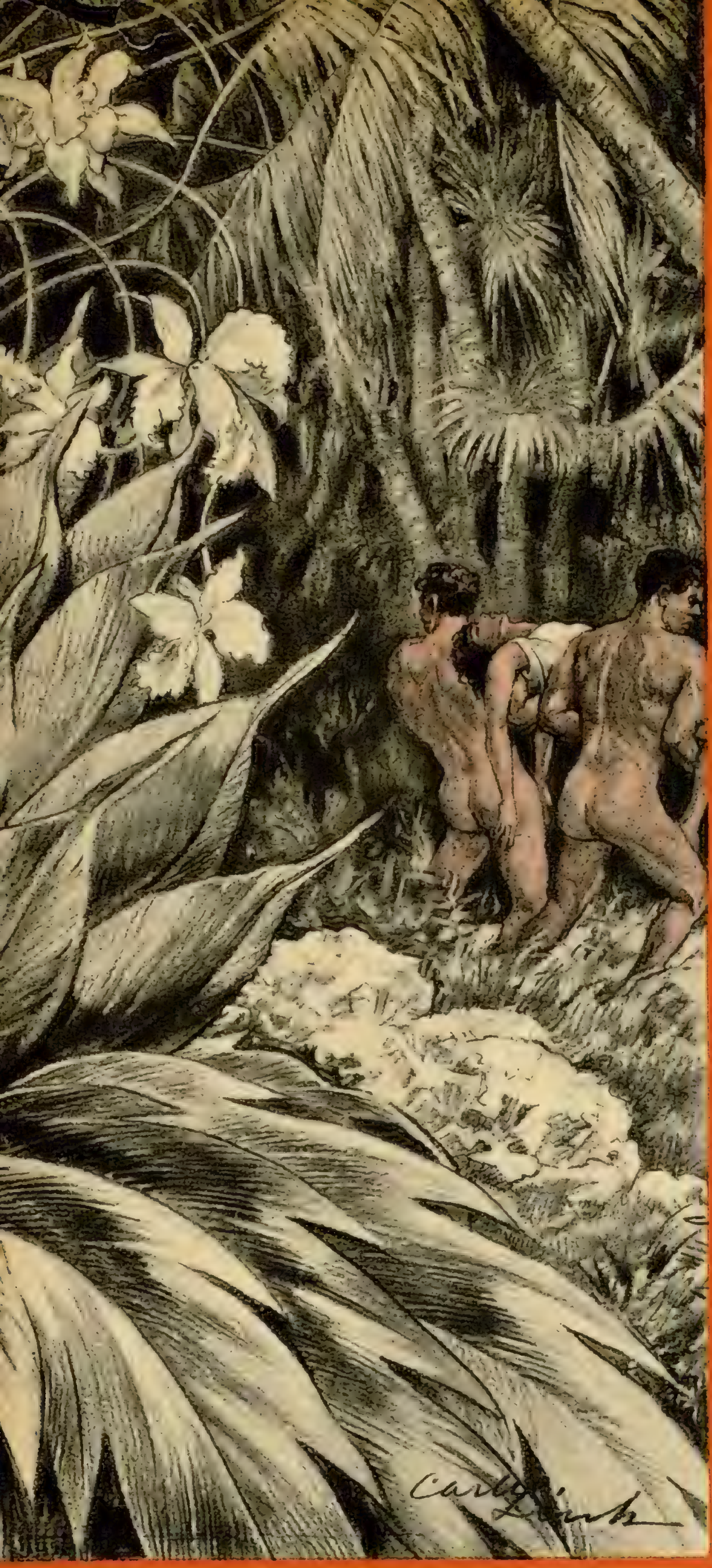
" Afraid? " she said. " The sea is clean and sweet as your embrace. It will be beautiful."

So, emptying our lungs, we sank together; and the last thing I knew was her sweet mouth upon my own.

BUT pearls and pearl pirating are part of Grübl's business, and in his crew were Sakalava divers. And so, out of the heaven of that death, I came to life again—in hell; stretched out upon the filthy deck of Grübl's dhow, a black astride me, his hands upon my ribs forcing the air into my aching lungs.

" Ah! " I heard Grübl say. " He stirs! How he will hate me, bringing him back to this! Keep at her too. She presently will also breathe. So press down steadily upon her ribs, Tsiboka—suddenly release. So, down, one, two, three—up! So, down, one, two, three—up! "

I opened my eyes. I opened them just in time to see



The huge stiff spiky leaves started to lift and curve in.

Grübl shoot the Sakalava dead whom he had called Tsiboka. Stone dead, the black carcass fell across the beautiful body of Charlotte Braeme where she lay, her face down, upon a greasy blanket.

"Overboard," ordered Grübl. "Now, you, Ikobo, quickly! Take his place. So! And keep your hands where I place them or you'll go after him alive. And there they are, about him now. The tide has changed. And remember, all of you—you black baboons—she's not yours. Not yet!"

I heaved against the black who sat astride me. But I was pitifully weak. And besides, I heard a voice, a calm, familiar voice, say to me,

"Steady, François, steady! Easy! Till your strength returns!"

It was the voice of big Pierre du Frenne!

When I came to again, there rasped against my ears the obscene gutturals of Grübl.

"You do not know my story, eh, M'sieu' du Frenne?" Grübl was saying. "You do not know why it is that I limp with such grotesqueness? He never told you, no—that swine?"

Here I felt Grübl's boot against my ribs. Also I felt the cut of metal on my wrists. I looked through nearly closed eyelids. Pierre du Frenne and I were shackled to the dhow's short mast.

"It is interesting, my history, I assure you," Grübl said. "You will hear it, yes? Well, then. Once I was lean and clean-limbed too, like you two Frenchmen. I had a godlike body also. At least, so very many women told me. Women of Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Paris even; then of Dar es Salaam. For I was sent there finally. A superior who had a pretty wife arranged it. German East Africa. The Intelligence. Not a bad billet. Mine was a wealthy trader's part; my study, Madagascar. Your Grande Ile was to be a colony of the Empire when *der Tag* arrived.

"ONE of my first calls was the little island paradise which you call Andriamanitra. In line of duty, certainly, m'sieu', for information; but even more than that because report of very luscious beauty had crossed the Mozambique. A Creole Aphrodite. A certain Mlle. Charlotte Braeme. . . . You listen well, m'sieu'," said Grübl.

"You narrate well," said big Pierre.

"You will like it even better as I go along," said Grübl. "We come, then, quickly to the yacht in my command, anchored off little Nossi Andriamanitra, with many guests on board, and to a charming tropic night of dinner and music and dancing and making love. But at the best of these diversions, m'sieu', I was that evening without my usual success."

"Ah!" exclaimed big Pierre. "That desolates me. Mlle. Charlotte Braeme, perhaps?"

"She! She was, I found," said Grübl, "more maddening a hundredfold than rumor had her; and so it happened, naturally enough you will agree, m'sieu', that midway of the evening's gayeties, as mademoiselle strolled at my side alone, aglow with dancing, she found herself caught up and being carried down the companionway leading to my cabin.

"Though she fought silently, M'sieu' du Frenne, she really fought. A new experience to me! But I have been called resourceful with the fair ones; and I was taking measures which might have been efficient with this Creole wildcat, when a sudden hand fell on my shoulder. It was he," said Grübl; and he spat on me.

But I lay still. My irons were too short to let me reach him.

"Here, as is evident, M'sieu' du Frenne," said Grübl, "was no time for gallantries. I flung her from me, and she crashed down the companionway, where she lay still against my cabin door. Then I leaped up to the deck. I had the body of a young god then, m'sieu'—a young god's strength. Overboard with this meddler! It would be an accident, of course.

"But how was I to know, M'sieu' du Frenne, that this Martel was expert at your vile apache science, *la savate?* His filthy kick caught me fair beneath the jaw. I was unconscious as I wheeled across the deck and struck the rail. I came to, choking, and looked up and saw Martel's white face above me; I heard him cry, "Man overboard! Man overboard!" It was I in the swarming water then, m'sieu'! I and not he! Before my sailors got me out a muscle from my thigh was in the belly of a shark. . . . My story interests you, m'sieu'?"

"Your story charms me," said Pierre du Frenne.

"Well—then," said Grübl, "came

the war. There were Frenchmen in East Africa when it broke; some with their wives. There were English, too; and Belgians, friends of France. One Englishman's wife was blonde and very pretty, and amazingly strong. A Belgian's daughter had black hair, blue-black really, and was slim and frail; but her teeth were sharp as knives. These were amusing. But the Frenchwomen, how much more so! As you know, perhaps, M'sieu' du Frenne."

Pierre du Frenne said, "It will be very pleasant when I watch you die."

"Incurable optimists, you Frenchmen," Grübl said. "But we digress. At last, m'sieu', the German governor of East Africa sent for me. My zeal in service was to be rewarded, then. But that old fool, it seemed, had wife and daughters of his own.

"He handed my sword to an orderly. 'Take a launch,' he commanded. 'Go out past the three-mile limit and throw this overboard. It has disgraced the Fatherland!'

"And so I was cashiered, m'sieu'," said Grübl. "So made a renegade. But what I had enjoyed was worth it. I had not been serving Germany; I had been serving Grübl. Revenging Grübl, who had once been beautiful as Siegfried, but now was warped as Mimi, the misshapen dwarf who raised him. My hatred for Martel, m'sieu', encompasses all he loves—Charlotte Braeme, you, Madagascar, France. I swore to turn that Nossi Andriamanitra, that Fragrant Island where he dwelt in paradise, into a reeking, stinking hell; and that this Charlotte Braeme of his—

"Well, see now how things work out for the righteous man, m'sieu'. Sharks got one of Siegfried's beautiful thighs, and Siegfried, maimed, has let his godlike body take on grossness, fat. White women who had loved him turned from him. Bronze women, brown women, yellow, olive, black—even though black, they will not love him. And then, out of the sea, m'sieu', a mermaid to console him—with, best of all, her lover as a witness!"

I staggered to my feet. I flung myself at Grübl. But my irons crashed me sickeningly to the deck.

"M'sieu'! M'sieu' Martel!" admonished Grübl. "Violence! There is no need for that. Not for a week, at any rate! Locked in my quarters with mamselle there still remain a good half dozen captured Hova women; bronze Eves, every one. These protect her for a while, Martel. One at a banquet does not first devour a heavenly sweet!"

A strong hand pressed my shoulder.

"Steady. Steady."

Grübl laughed. "Last night I turned one of the Hova women over to the Sakalavas. With a white woman it should be even more amusing."

But Grübl got no ragings out of great calm Pierre even with that. Instead he whispered to me, "Easy, easy, François. Soul strength, François man. Brute strength will never do it. If it would help her right now, François, I could snap these chains like string!"

And so, with calmness from the great soul of Pierre shutting out panic, we two thought a way to trap him.

GREAT scientists are all agreed that there is no such tree, basing their learned opinion on the flimsy fact that no great scientist has ever seen one. Strange, this opinion, when there are hundreds of square miles of Madagascar on which no scientist has ever set his foot, and when at the same time there is not a single tribe of all the tribes inhabiting the Grande Ile's mighty length and breadth which does not have its story of the devil tree. Stranger still, this opinion, when there is the pitcher plant.

But stronger than all arguments as to the chance of such a tree existing is a simple "I have seen it."

Grübl saw it too.

It was Grübl's avarice that brought him to the tree—his avarice, which was the only evil in him stronger than his lust.

We purposely let Grübl overhear us talking of the platinum deposits in the Tanala country. And presently came Grübl to the mast where we sat shackled, accompanied by a dozen Sakalavas having raffia cords and two who bore a glowing charcoal brazier with an iron heating in it.

"I have heard many times," said Grübl, "of platinum findings on your Madagascar. So I have come to you, my friends, prepared, as you can see, to ask you where they are."

Pierre du Frenne smiled.

"And did you think to find out this from us with the help of such a piffling apparatus as that there? Give me that silly iron, boy."

But it was Grübl, smiling coldly, who put out the glowing iron toward Pierre, holding it so that he could reach only the end.

Without the slightest hesitation Pierre took it. Unhurriedly, while the stench of scorching flesh arose, he then reversed it, and held it, as a tinker does his soldering piece, close to his cheek.

"As I thought," said Pierre. "Too cold to do the work. Here, François, what do you think? Let's have your arm."

I HELD my arm out, and he lay the iron against it, where it smoked and crackled. The muscles of my biceps fought against my will. But there was big Pierre's example. And there was Charlotte Braeme on whom to call for strength. I held my wrenching sinews still.

"You should use beefwood charcoal in the brazier, Grübl," I explained. "You see, the charcoal from the baobab lacks fuel value."

"In other words, Grübl," said Pierre, "we do have platinum for sale; but freedom from torture isn't the price of it."

"So I observe," said Grübl. "Your price, then, is, I take it—"

"Charlotte Braeme," said I.

"Unsoiled," said big Pierre.

And so we came at last to the Tanala country. A mile out we cast anchor. The skill of Sakalava boatmen got outriggers through the mountainous east coast breakers, five ranks of them, that marched in, spray-plumed, from the Indian Ocean, straight as a ruler's edge as far to north and south as eye could see. With infinite skill they let one break in thunder not six feet beyond our prow.

Then, paddling furiously, they outraced the downcrash of the next, which would have smashed us into bits, and rode the wild froth of it clear up on the sand.

Across the narrow beach, built by the age-old battle between the torrents of the east coast mountains and the sea, lay the lagoons, stretching almost half a thousand miles, a natural coastal waterway unequaled in the world.

Hogbacks of land went across it now and then, through which canals were cut, too narrow sometimes for the spread of an outrigger. So we appropriated an unused pirogue and paddled south.

Soon we turned inland, and following a sluggish channel aswarm with crocodiles, we came at last to open meadowland with the breath-taking vista of a river, which fed our lagoon, bursting out of a forest of raffias and bamboos, in a cataract that dropped a hundred feet into a foamy pool.

We had reached the foothills of the Ankaratras, and the great range soared up and away, summit beyond summit, clad in a virgin forest of gigantic trees, until the beautiful Tanala country seemed to reach the unbelievable azure of the Madagascar sky.

"This is the end of paddling," said Pierre. "From here we go afoot. It is not an hour from here."

But curse and threaten as he might, not a man of Grübl's Sakalavas would set foot on land—as Pierre and I had known that they would not.

"You yellow-livered

(Continued on page fourteen)

Tobacco to smoke right

has to be a different kind of tobacco from that used in cigarettes . . . and it has to be made by an entirely different process.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER ROUGH CUT

© 1933, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

OUT in Kentucky, where they have pretty women, fast horses, and blue grass, there grows a tobacco called White Burley. It doesn't grow anywhere else in the world.

There is a type of this White Burley that is best suited for pipe smoking. It is neither too thick nor too thin. It is not light and chaffy; at the same time, it is not rank or strong. "U. S. Type 31" is the government classification for White Burley.

Since no other pipe tobacco has yet been found which seems to equal White Burley, this is what we use in making Granger Rough Cut.

Next, we use the Wellman Method, a famous 1870 method of making pipe tobacco, to give Granger its fine flavor and fragrance. Then, too, Granger is "Rough Cut"—just like they used to "whittle" their tobacco off a plug with a jackknife. It smokes cool, lasts longer and never gums a pipe.

And finally, we want to sell Granger for 10 cents. Good tobacco—right process—cut right. So we put Granger in a sensible soft foil pouch instead of an expensive package, knowing that a man can't smoke the package.

Granger has not been on sale very long, but it has grown to be a popular smoke. Folks seem to like it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

(Continued from page twelve) monkeys!" Grübl cursed. "Afraid of the Tanalas, eh? I thought you Sakalavas feared no people!"

But it was not the Tanala warriors that the Sakalavas feared. It was the Tanala country. The Tanala country was *fady* with them—taboo. As Pierre and I knew it was. The Tanala country was the country of the devil tree.

So presently we were marching, four of us. Pierre du Frenne and I in front, gyved together at ankles and at wrists; then Charlotte Braeme, her beauty all undimmed by days of vile captivity, the grace of her shining through the loose *lamba* of the native Hovas; then Grübl, his automatic carried in his hand.

"At the least suspicious sign from you two I will first shoot her," Grübl had promised.

And then we suddenly were there. There was the little tunnel in the cliff. There was the little refuse dump. And there, close beside the devil tree, as safe from molestation as though in a bank vault, was the little pile of unshipped ore, richly agleam with yellow.

"There," said Pierre du Frenne. "Now let her go. Give her the hour start you promised before you do what you will with us. The Tanalas are our friends. With this ring of mine she can get through the highland tribes, unharmed, to Tanarivo."

We had known, of course, that he would never keep his bargain; that, once at the platinum findings, he would kill us both, unless we managed first to deliver him to death.

"It is an honest bargain," said Pierre. "See for yourself. You know virgin gold. There is enough to make you Crœsus. But the platinum is a hundred times the value of the gold. Pick out any sample. It will be a nearly solid gold nugget."

Grübl did not go over to the little heap beside the devil tree. It was not because he suspected what it was, or feared it. Exotic growths are common on Madagascar. But his eyes, aflame with greed, were so intent upon that little yellow heap that I think he took no notice of the odd squat tree beside which it was piled.

Much like a bloated century plant it was. A short thick trunk, almost as though a pineapple had grown six feet in height. The bark, a slimy green, was set into six-sided bosses, each boss armed at the center with a thorn, thick, dagger-pointed, long as a human thumb, so that the whole short fat trunk bristled.

About the base a circle of great fleshy gray leaves, long as the tree was high, spike-pointed, spike-edged, radiated stiffly, almost flat along the ground.

At the top of the trunk, out of a chalice of livid green leaves, grew a strange group of flowers on long, thin, spiraled tendril stems, some of which stood nearly upright, some of which drooped, S-shaped, down along the trunk almost to the ground. There they swayed, inviting; swayed in air that was absolutely still; flowers of enormous size and of inexpressibly delicate form and hue—like orchids out of paradise and not like ghastly blooms from hell.

ORCHIDS perhaps they were, for Madagascar is a land of orchids. They grow along the edges of the mighty forests which clothe the rainy eastern slope of the Ankaratras by millions, of amazing size and form. I have seen them with nectaries six inches long. But these were twice that size. Orchids, as like as not, paying the host on which they grew with an infernal service.

I think that Grübl did not even notice the horrible odor of the tree; or if he did he thought it was arising from something that the crocodiles had left to ripen in the fetid mud of some lagoon near by.

But he did not go near the tree. He only gazed with sickening rapture at that pile of yellow ore beside it, and then turned to me suspiciously and said:

"Why are you not working the deposit now?"

I said, and truthfully: "The Tanalas, man, woman, and child, are in the paddies now. Until the rice is planted they will do no other work. Rice has kept them happily content a thousand years. All other work, all other wealth, is nothing to them in comparison with rice."

"They will work for me?" asked Grübl.

His eyes were still upon the little yellow heap. He had not even noticed the great orchids waving, swaying toward us, though the air was still.

"After the rice is planted they will work for any man," I said—"for any man who will pay them in *Americani*, bright calico from America. Next to rice they value brilliant flowered calico."

"Good," said Grübl. And then, to see that it worked easily, he slid back the ejector of his automatic.

We had gambled on the chance that he would go close to the tree, to get a sample of his treasure, before he shot us.

"*Au revoir*," softly said Pierre. "But, after all, we have won. We have saved her. As sure as God is above, he will try to take back all he can carry when he has finished with us."

So we braced ourselves and smiled our contempt at Grübl. It was all we could do. Thus her one chance remained. Even unshackled, we would not have dared to rush him. He had said he would shoot her first.

HE raised his hand. And Charlotte Braeme, that woman among women, flung herself upon him!

"Fury!" snarled Grübl; and struck her across the temple with the flat of his weapon.

"Steady!" said big Pierre to me. "What can we do? But there still is God." Grübl heard him.

"God?" Grübl said. "Who's He?"

"He it is," said Pierre, "who puts on garments of vengeance."

"Well," blasphemed Grübl, "He'd better get dressed in a hurry; that is, if He wants to keep three or four bullets out of the middle of each of you. So take a quick look at her. Sweet, eh? As though asleep on her bridal bed. The blood across her forehead is hers, all warm and red. And see where the sandal has dropped from her foot. See the white arch. To touch that one curve with my lips I would shoot dead a hundred like you. And she is all curves. Look where her bosom rises. Ah! A beautiful thought.

"You shall live enough longer, you two, to see me pluck one of those priceless great orchids for a bridal flower—"

Fierce hope blazed. As Pierre had said, there still indeed was God!

Fouling the air with obscenities, Grübl stepped over her and walked toward the tree. He placed a foot between the spiky radiating leaves, and reached to take a flower.

Then, suddenly, he was screaming. A tendril was round his wrist. He tried to tear his hand free and leap back. But living rawhide held him. In insane terror he emptied his automatic into the trunk of the tree. The little wounds seeped red, then closed like bullet holes in rubber.

The other delicate great blooms all swayed and writhed on spiraled tendrils toward him now; and the huge stiff spiky leaves about the tree's base started to lift and curve in toward the trunk.

I would have stayed on to the very end; but that sweetness could not be. We took the limp form of Charlotte Braeme in our arms and ran with her desperately, shackled as we were, toward the fair clean country of the Tanala mountain tribes. For when she came to consciousness again we must be very far away—so far that her sweet ears, attuned to lovers' voices, children's voices, should never hold a memory of the screams—and screams—of Grübl.

THE END

Next Week—

BEGINNING

FIVE DAYS

By

Eric Hatch

An Uproarious Novel of High Adventure

Also stories and articles by

Harry A. Bruno and William S. Dutton — Alice Garland Steele — Jay Franklin — Eva Tanguay — Arthur T. Munyan—Howard Swain, and others.

Tonight
KAY FRANCIS
in
GE"

Whichever star *you see tonight*—

notice her marvelously Youthful Complexion

Why don't you guard your *skin the Hollywood way?*

Sidney Fox

SCREEN STARS have such exquisite skin! They know their complexions *must* be lovely if they are to win —and *hold*—hearts by the thousands. "To keep youthful charm you *must* guard complexion beauty," they declare. "*We* use Lux Toilet Soap."

Like scores of others, Kay Francis, lovely Warner Brothers' star, guards her beautiful complexion with this fine white soap. "Lovely skin is the most endearing charm a girl can have—a charm she *must* have if she wants to keep fresh youthfulness," she says. "I'm enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin always soft and smooth."

Loretta Young
Warner Bros.

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. For their convenience all the great film studios have made this luxurious soap official for dressing rooms.

Arline Judge
R. K. O.

Bette Davis
Warner Bros.

Whichever star you see tonight, notice how alluring her smooth skin is. Is *your* skin as lovely—as appealing? Why don't *you* try Hollywood's favorite beauty care—use the gentle, inexpensive soap that keeps the stars' priceless complexions always youthful!

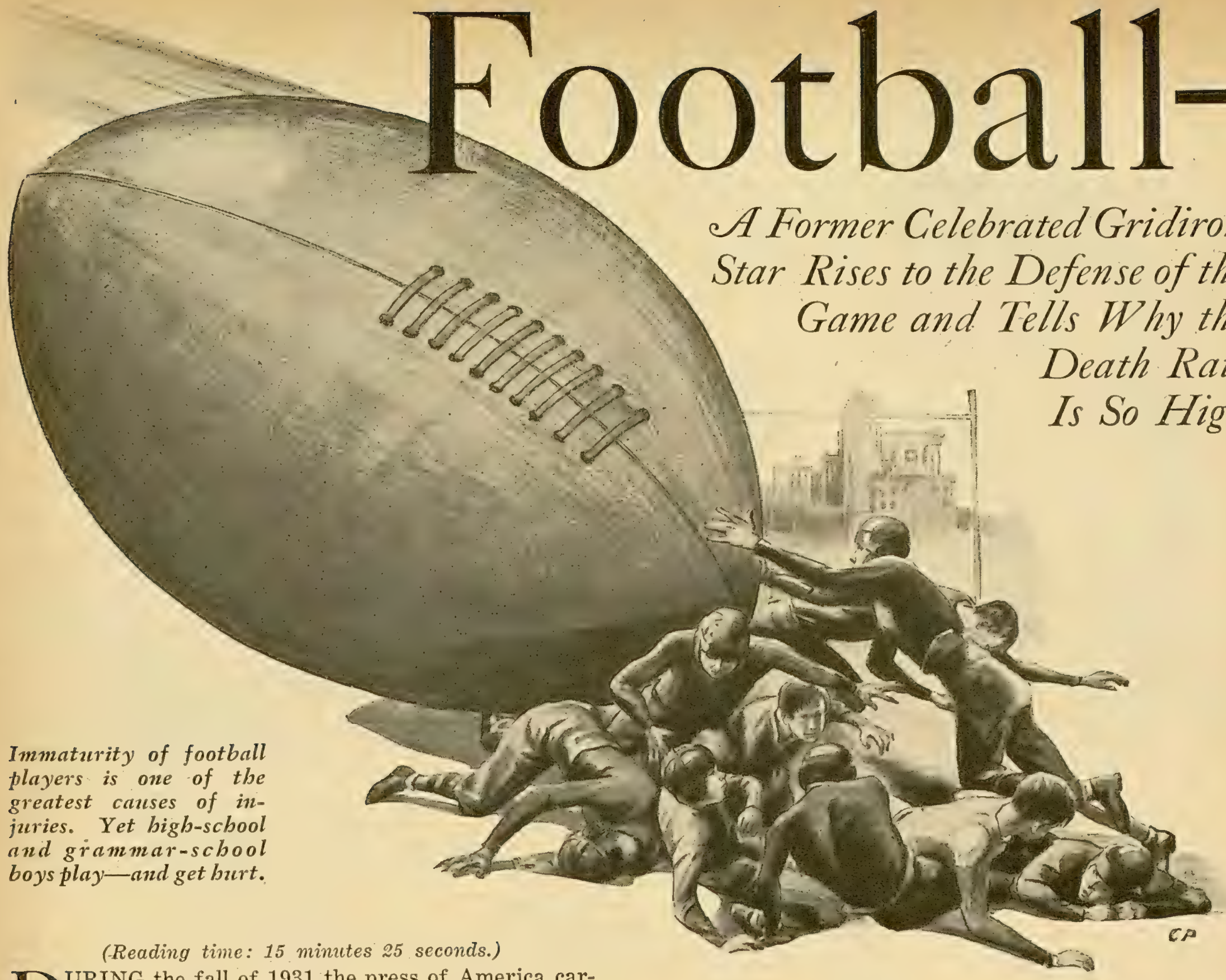
Begin today to let this fragrant white soap work wonders for *your* complexion!

LUX
TOILET SOAP

LUX Toilet Soap—*SUCH UNRIVALED WHITENESS*

Football—

A Former Celebrated Gridiron Star Rises to the Defense of the Game and Tells Why the Death Rate Is So High



Immaturity of football players is one of the greatest causes of injuries. Yet high-school and grammar-school boys play—and get hurt.

(Reading time: 15 minutes 25 seconds.)

DURING the fall of 1931 the press of America carried the obituary notices of forty-two boys who died either directly or indirectly as a result of football.

Nation-wide concern was shown. Football was castigated or defended by college presidents, doctors, editorial and sports writers, coaches, players, officials, and insurance company heads. They—and everyone—agreed that something had to be done.

The Football Rules Committee was appealed to. It did what it could. Several new rules were put into the game, several others radically changed, still others clarified and specifically called to the attention of officials.

Football was saved, supposedly. The season of 1932 was started with a clear conscience. Had not ninety per cent of the dangerous plays been removed from the game, and without hurting the game as a spectacle? They had, with all the power of the Rules Committee.

So what?

For one thing, it took football five days fewer in 1932 to kill twenty-one boys than it did in 1931! During the first half of the 1932 season the football deaths *exceeded* those of a like period of the year before. This despite the rules having been changed. This despite all the thought and action devoted to the problem the previous winter.

Why? What is wrong with football? Are we faced with a choice of ruling all severe body contact out of the game or having it legislated out of existence?

Last September, eighteen-year-old Foster Stewart trotted on to the field for a high-school game in Alexandria, Alabama. He slammed into opposing players for all he was worth. Toward the end of the first quarter his coach sent in a substitute for him. Foster walked off the field, taking deep gulps of air. He looked all right. Others had come out of football games "corked." A little rest recuperated them. Foster sat on the bench—and a moment later toppled to the ground. Before he could be removed from the field he died. The doctors later said, "Heart trouble."

A scrub game of football was started in a sand lot in Greenville, Pennsylvania. The participants wore their ordinary street clothes. The play waxed hot and furious. Both teams piled in a heap. Ernest Husing, seventeen years old, remained upon the ground when the pile-up untangled. A few minutes later he died.

In Lynn, Massachusetts, a grammar-school football game took place. William Cathiot was knocked down and the play ran over him. He was taken to the hospital, where he died three weeks later from a punctured intestine.

Alhambra played an organized high-school-league game with Monterey Park, in California. As high schools go they are "big-time" teams, one of Alhambra's football graduates of recent years being Orv Mohler, Southern California quarterback. Robert Houtz, eighteen years old, dove desperately into a play to stop an Alhambra gain. He stopped it with his neck; the neck was broken, and he died.

Thomas Bagwell, sixteen-year-old St. Louis, Missouri, high-school player, hung on to life for nine days after he fractured a vertebra in a game. Eighteen-year-old Albert Palent of Newark, New Jersey, fought death for six weeks in a hospital before he succumbed. He had been hurt while practicing football on a school playground.

In Raymondville, Texas, in a high-school practice session, Clifton "Blondie" Lawrence was playing fullback. His younger brother, Glenn, was playing an end on the

the KILLER?

opposing team. Blondie took the ball from center and started for Glenn's end with a smile on his face. Glenn drove into the play, nailed Blondie with a hard tackle. And Blondie died. Several weeks later sixteen-year-old Glenn committed suicide. Before he shot himself he wrote a note which said, "I want to be with Blondie." Blondie, his brother whom he had killed on a football field.

These cases are picked at random from the reported casualties of the 1932 football season. No matter what case or how many cases are picked, the same point is illustrated.

And that one point leads to but one conclusion:

THERE IS NOTHING THE MATTER WITH THE GAME OF FOOTBALL.

THERE IS SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH MANY OF THOSE PLAYING FOOTBALL.

When played by trained and developed athletes football is a great and beneficial sport. When played by immature boys, untrained and unprotected, upon high-school gridirons and sand lots, it is murderous and crippling.

DICK HYLAND

was Stanford's star halfback in 1926-27, making All-American teams and the All-Pacific-Coast team. He was on the Stanford baseball and track teams and had been an Olympic Rugby star. Since those days he has done newspaper and film work and written fiction. His wife is better known to the public as Adela Rogers St. Johns. They have one son, four years old.

Not one death has been suffered among all the players in the professional leagues. Only two deaths, one of them avoidable, have occurred on major-college teams in many years. Forty of the forty-two deaths the Associated Press reported in football during 1931 were of grammar-school, sand-lot, high-school, and minor-college players. *Every* death in 1932 shows up as that of a sand-lot, grammar-school, high-school, or minor-college boy.

The case histories presented above are real. And every one of them concerns a boy who should not have been playing football! At least, not under existing conditions.

Several major reasons why injuries occur in football can be advanced:

1. The immaturity of players.
2. Inadequate training and supervision.
3. Inadequate equipment.
4. The aura around sport.
5. Pure accident.

By "pure accident" is meant those injuries which fate decrees must be suffered regardless of what precautions are taken against such happenings. They are not many and seldom serious, as is proved by the statistics and records of major-college and professional teams. Most of the "injuries" reported on major teams are pure bunk, are magnified, or are propaganda to make the opposing team overconfident.

IMMATURITY of football players is one of the greatest causes of injuries. A game which taxes the strength and stamina of a trained-to-the-minute college man will certainly overtax a high-school boy. Yet high-school, grammar-school, and sand-lot boys play football, try to put into it all the game calls for—and get hurt.

One of the most impressive talks on training I ever heard was given informally by Dink Templeton, the great Stanford track coach, himself an old football star. Several of the football men had been rather lax about starting training at the beginning of the season. "You birds," he told them, "had better begin to train. If you don't you'll get corked in five minutes of a game and play smelly. What's worse, you'll get hurt."

Get tired and get hurt. When one is overtaxed physically one gets tired. The heart can't pump fast enough to clear the waste and supply new fuel to the blood. The muscles react to the undersupply of oxygen and the overload of carbon dioxide. They lag, they tire, they refuse to respond. And if an immature high-school boy, who cannot help but get tired, calls upon his muscles to get him out of a dangerous position or to resist dangerous pressure against him, and those muscles refuse to respond, there can be but one result. He gets hurt.

MANY of the high-school boys who are strong enough not to get tired "burn out." That is an expression more commonly used to describe track athletes, but it holds good for football too. It comes as a result of overtaxing youth. Frank Wykoff is an example. In high school he was a sensation. He often won track meets all by himself, competing in the 100- and 220-yard dashes, the broad jump, and the relay. He ran 100 yards in 9.6 seconds many times while in high school—and never did much better than that after he enrolled at the University of Southern California.

The strength Frank Wykoff should have allowed to develop him was used up running and jumping and running some more. Frank did not tire in high school. But he used up so much energy that during his last year in college, when he was twenty-two years old and should have been at his best, he failed to do as well as he had done in high school. His one great ambition, to run his pet races against the world in his own home town with the shield of the United States on his breast, was denied him. He sat in the stands and watched Eddie Tolan and Ralph Metcalf, Negro sprinters, step to victory in the 100- and 200-meter dashes. He sat in the stands—burned out.

As an opposite example, during those same 1932 Olympic Games the names of two Americans were on all tongues: Bill Carr and Ben Eastman. Two great athletes no one had ever heard mentioned when they were in high school. They were developing their strength. Then, in college, they cracked fifteen-year-old records right and left. They were not burned out.

Many a football player comes to college with a big high-school reputation and finds to his amazement that boys he always considered second-raters in prep school make the team ahead of them. Being second-raters in high school, they were not called upon to play much. They developed. They did not burn out nor did they suffer injuries which would handicap them permanently.

"Red" Grange once said, when I interviewed him on the radio, that he believed it was all right for a boy to play four years of high-school football before he went to college. He gave as his reason the fact that he had played four years in high school and it had not hurt him. My only answer to that was the obvious one: There are not many Red Granges. That he and a few other gifted stars were not handicapped by prep-school football does not mean everyone can get away with it. And there is always the question of how much better they might have been had they saved some of that youthful energy.

Under the head of inadequate training and supervision

By DICK HYLAND

Why let them romp your money away

IT'S great for boys and girls to play—but not when they romp through soles faster than you can buy them.

Goodyear Wingfoot Soles will stop this drain on your pocketbook. They're so tough that nothing ever built can beat them for wear. And more wear from the soles means more wear from the shoes — extra weeks or months between shoe bills.

Ask for these sure-footed, waterproof, good-looking soles on every pair of new shoes you buy—and at the repair shops. Their extra wear doesn't cost you an extra penny.

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

SOLES

Look for this seal. It guarantees the same quality found in Goodyear Wingfoot Heels

of football players come many sins, the results of which are too often plopped unceremoniously into the lap of the game of football.

A major football college sets up two staffs and scours the country to obtain the best men available for each. I refer to the coaching and training staffs, the latter including the medical supervisors. From Pop Warner's football book anyone can get diagrams of all the plays any coach needs. But there is more to coaching than a knowledge of plays. There must be a further knowledge, definite and detailed, of how to tackle and how to take tackles, how to block and how to take blocks. There must be an ability to impart this knowledge to the men on the squad so that they can do these things effectively without exposing themselves unnecessarily to injury. After a major college gets a coach who knows these things and has this ability, he steps out and hires himself half a dozen or so assistants to help him teach—and *watch*—his squad. Warner, Spaulding, Spears, Zuppke, Kipke, Little, Mehre, Crisler, every big coach in the game, has from four to eight men to help him coach culled squads of from thirty to fifty players.

What is the case in the average high school? One man, in some cases *any* one man, is trying to teach—and watch—a squad of thirty to fifty men! Often, if he has assistants at all, they are glorified rubbers knowing little more than a few football phrases. He needs competent assistants even more than the college coach does.

Of the first sixteen cases reported during this past season, eleven boys died of broken necks or head injuries. The most common cause of a head or neck injury is a badly made tackle. After the section banning a flying tackle had been incorporated into the rules in February, 1932, a critic pointed out to W. S. Langford, secretary of the Football Rules Committee, that a man could hit another man harder by keeping his feet on the ground and driving than he could by "taking off" and diving. Mr. Langford smiled and said, "That is true. But the rule was put in to protect the *tackler*, not the tackled."

A BAD tackle is made because the player is ignorant or is unable to control his muscles. In either case he should not be on a football field. Dick Sheridan, West Point's great halfback, was injured in the Yale game of 1931 while making a tackle. He died. Pictures of Dick Sheridan tackling a dummy while diving head on through an automobile tire have since been published. And I've always wondered how much that diving, head-on way of tackling when he was absolutely out of control had to do with his death. No good tackler ever sticks his head directly at a runner. He takes the shock of contact on his shoulder. Yet I've seen literally hundreds of high-school boys drive directly at a man and take the terrific jolt of impact with their slender, undeveloped necks. Their coach hasn't had time to teach them properly. It's a wonder more of them aren't killed.

Pop Warner was grumbling to himself one day while watching a big, strong, perfectly built young fellow go through tackling practice. His lament was that he could get nothing out of a sophomore who should be a first-string linesman. I asked him why not; the boy had come to Stanford with a big high-school reputation. "Hell," said Pop, "if I put him in a tough game he'd get killed! He does everything wrong. Some of these kids would be better off, and so would I, if they'd never played prep-school football."

ALL the foregoing has had to do with football supervision. The medical supervision in high schools is far worse than is the technical. It is so bad in some localities that the best break a boy who is injured can have is for the injury to be serious enough to be a quick hospital case.

Westchester County, New York, just outside New York City, prides itself upon its high schools. During the 1931 football season, when the football deaths and injuries throughout the country were calling forth so much comment, Jack Collins and his Westchester Sport Life, a local magazine, investigated eleven major high schools in Westchester County and found that *only three* then had medical supervision of football players. The three were New Rochelle, White Plains, and Mount Vernon, the last-named Frank Carideo's prep school. At the other eight the already overburdened coach handled this duty too.

A boy such as young Stewart in Alabama may have a bad heart, *look* all right, play football—and drop dead. Football is blamed. An examination by a competent physician would have barred him from play.

A high-school coach in California—his school is also without adequate medical supervision—scrimmaged his players for two hours the second day of practice and came right back with two solid hours more the third day. He should have been shot the fourth. Dick Hanley, Dan McGugin, Howard Jones, Andy Kerr—go right down the entire list of topnotch football coaches and you will not find one man who would pull a stunt like that on the junior or senior members of a returning college football squad. That California coach paid for it: his team lost game after game because his boys were "hurt." No conscientious doctor would have allowed it.

During December, 1931, President E. O. Holland of Washington State College said, "Probably rigid physical examinations of all contestants would greatly reduce fatalities, as many junior teams play boys unfit for strenuous exercise. Employment of this method would prove more valuable than change of rules." How right Dr. Holland was is shown by the fact that the rules were changed but the deaths and injuries continue to be with us.

Anyone who allows football to be played by immature boys—or any other boys—without proper supervision is a potential crippler and killer. Strong words? Yes, but it's a strong case, and I'm fighting back for a black eye handed a game I love.

Proper equipment is largely a matter of money. Many high schools do not have the budget for it. To a player it is what a trench is to a soldier—a large part of his protection.

For a glaring example of what I mean by the "aura around sports," take the case of Harry Ream of Hannah Penn Junior High School, York, Pennsylvania. Harry had a bad stomach-ache but failed to mention it. He wanted—wanted *so* much—to play that game of football. He played, the stomach-ache proved to have been an inflamed appendix, the appendix ruptured. He died.

WHEN I was in high school I came down with a touch of influenza—and got up out of bed to play a game of football. I still feel that game. Weak, unable to put up much resistance, I took a beating. My back was hurt, which not only handicapped me through my further athletic career but is still an inconvenience. But at the time I was a "gutty kid" and a hero.

Hero? Courageous? I was a damn' fool. So are all the other young, inexperienced boys throughout the country who go into games when in a weakened condition because they think it is up to them to be in there battling. They are given to understand they are heroes. Bunk! No game is that important.

This "aura" can be dispelled only as it was created—that is, by education of the young. It can be partially overcome by medical supervision.

"Deëmphasize" not college football, which will take care of itself, but high-school football. Allow high-school teams to play only two, or at most three, games a season. Do not allow boys to play who cannot pass a rigid physical examination at the start of every season and before every game. Watch the size, weight, and age of competing teams, and do not overmatch squads.

Then coaches will have more time to teach good blocking and tackling, and to watch and develop their boys. That will mean fewer injuries and deaths. For the younger and weaker boys, for the sand-lot players, a perfect game presents itself. It is *touch* football, in which a touch takes the place of a tackle. It will teach the players to pass, kick, and handle the ball. If they know these three things well, any football coach will welcome them with open arms.

Condemning the game of football and appealing to the Rules Committee will do no good. But taking a good look at some of the boys playing football, taking an even more searching look at the way in which they play, and then shooting the works might do a world of good.

THE END

FIGHT COLDS WITH A MOUTH WASH THAT *drives germs out . .*

..NOT IN
LISTERINE
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ANTISEPTIC
LAMBERT
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YOU don't need to be told that the practical way to fight colds is to gargle twice a day with an antiseptic mouth wash.

But be sure that the mouth wash you use is safe. Unsafe mouth washes, so harsh they irritate tissue, drive germs in—not out. That is, they set up an irritation through which bacteria gain easier entrance to the tissue.

Don't take chances

Don't run such risks when Listerine may be used with complete safety. Listerine kills germs, but it does not irritate tissue. Literally hundreds of thousands, knowing its germicidal power and its safe action, rely on Listerine to guard against colds.

Why not try it yourself? Simply gargle with Listerine every morning and every night—oftener when you feel a cold coming on.

Reduces mouth bacteria

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill millions of germs, including those associated with colds and sore throat. Tests have shown its amazing power to reduce bacteria. Reductions as high as 99% have been noted.

Begin using Listerine today. Remember that actual experiments have shown that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day contracted fewer—and milder—colds than those who did not gargle with it. Ask for Listerine at your druggist's and accept nothing else. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

SAFE . . . kills germs . . . but does not irritate tissue

LIBERTY-PARAMOUNT ALL-STAR SERIAL

The WOMAN Accused

Rupert Hughes
Vicki Baum
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Viña Delmar
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Gertrude Atherton
J. P. McEvoy
Ursula Parrott
Polan Banks
Sophie Kerr

Captain Buchanan's Decision—Glenda's Ordeal—A Mock Trial—Jeff as Prosecutor

Part Three—Chapter Five

A Day of Torment

By

IRVIN S. COBB

IRVIN S. COBB
was born and raised in Paducah, Ky., and became editor of the local paper at nineteen. For many years he was one of the best known newspaper men in New York. Author of several plays and numerous short stories, he was a correspondent in France during the World War. He now lives in New York in the winter and East Hampton, L. I., in the summer.

(Reading time: 32 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Glenda Cromwell, who faces a murder charge on the eve of her wedding to Jeffrey Baxter, brilliant young lawyer. Leo Young, with whom she had once been intimate, returns from Europe and summons her to his apartment. Learning that she is to marry Baxter, his bitterest enemy, Young starts out to kill him. In the struggle for a pistol he is killed and Glenda flees. She meets Baxter and they go aboard the six-day-cruise boat Corinthia, where Baxter had planned to have his friend, Captain Buchanan, marry them on the high seas. Glenda has a talk with the captain, telling him how Leo Young had met his death, and he promises not to marry them. Later Captain Buchanan summons Glenda to tell her that the New York police have radioed that she is wanted for murder.

The plot is based on an original story by Polan Banks. A synopsis was submitted to ten celebrated authors, each of whom wrote a chapter. The first four chapters were written by Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum, Zane Grey, and Viña Delmar.

THAT next morning the small world housed within the Corinthia—for once away from the land every ship becomes a little world by itself—was concerned, as such small worlds are likely to be, with its own intimate affairs. So soon acquaintances which might lead to friendships were being made, and likes and dislikes were taking shape, and the beginnings of gossip, those threads of speculation touching on this one and that one, already were wriggling in the minds of the inquisitive, just as bacilli wriggle in a culture tube.

Furthermore, on this day there was no patient in the sick bay, and as yet there had been no complaint by anyone against anyone or anything. So, by all the signs, the skipper of this craft should have been a contented man as he sat after his breakfast in the snug living room of his quarters under the flying bridge. But a troubled V was painted between his bushy eyebrows.

His hand held a crumpled page of flimsy. Five minutes before, this scrap of yellow paper had been brought to him, and he had read it and grimly had reread it and, reading, had realized more fully even than yesterday morning that into his keeping and for his weaving had been thrust the skeins of a drama which, by a twist, might switch to tragedy.

Five minutes Captain Giles Buchanan studied this problem which had been forced upon him, trying to strike on a course of immediate action. He nodded his head then as though to tell himself a decision had been reached—as it had—and he turned toward the youthful wireless operator who had brought him this message and who, while his superior pondered its contents, had been standing on the threshold awaiting orders.

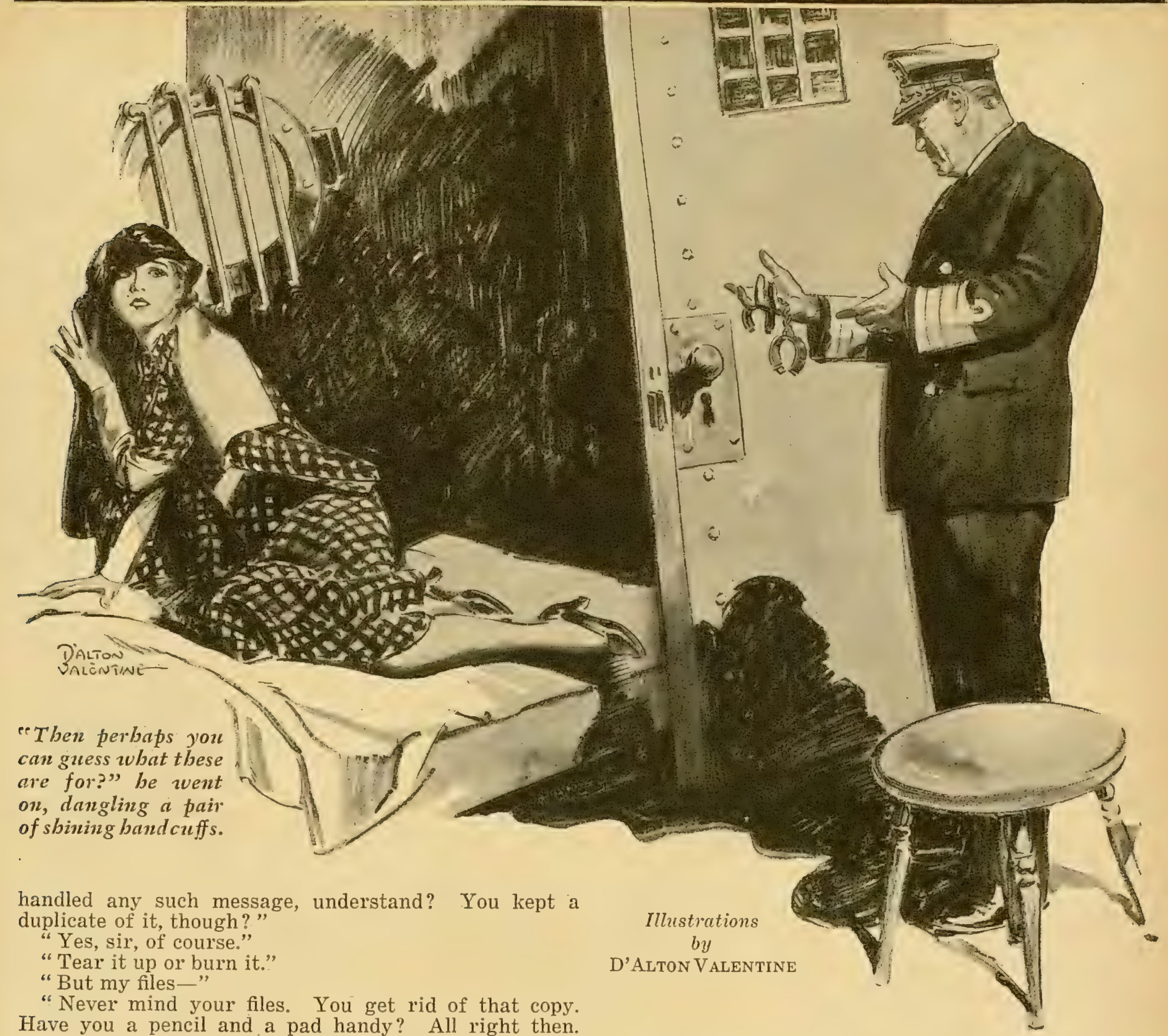
"Shut that door behind you, son," bade Captain Buchanan. "You say you just got this?"

"I brought it straight off to you, sir."

"And you didn't mention it to anybody else?"

"Naturally not, sir—not a radio addressed to you and marked 'urgent and confidential.'"

"Good! Now then, I want you to forget you ever



"Then perhaps you can guess what these are for?" he went on, dangling a pair of shining handcuffs.

Illustrations
by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

handled any such message, understand? You kept a duplicate of it, though?"

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Tear it up or burn it."

"But my files—"

"Never mind your files. You get rid of that copy. Have you a pencil and a pad handy? All right then. Send this reply back to the parties that wirelessed me: 'O. K. Person described by you listed and traveling under own name. Will obey instructions but strongly advise against any publication through the press of this fact because of effect on my passengers in case news bureau should broadcast the bulletin. Signed, Buchanan.' Got that? That's all then, except that if a single whisper of what's just happened gets out, I'll hold you responsible, because you will be responsible."

Left alone, the captain unfolded the tissue ball and once again, as though to fix in his mind the words which it bore, he conned the typewritten lines. Then he tore the rumpled sheet into many minute fragments and tossed these scraps into a wastebasket.

He pushed a signal button and when, in no time at all, his personal attendant appeared, he said:

"Jacobs, you'll remember Mr. Jeffrey Baxter—he made several trips with us before this, years ago. Go find him. And if he is not engaged—or even if he is—present my compliments and tell him I'd like to have the pleasure of his company up here with me for a little while. It's an order, but make it sound like an invitation. And see to it that he comes alone."

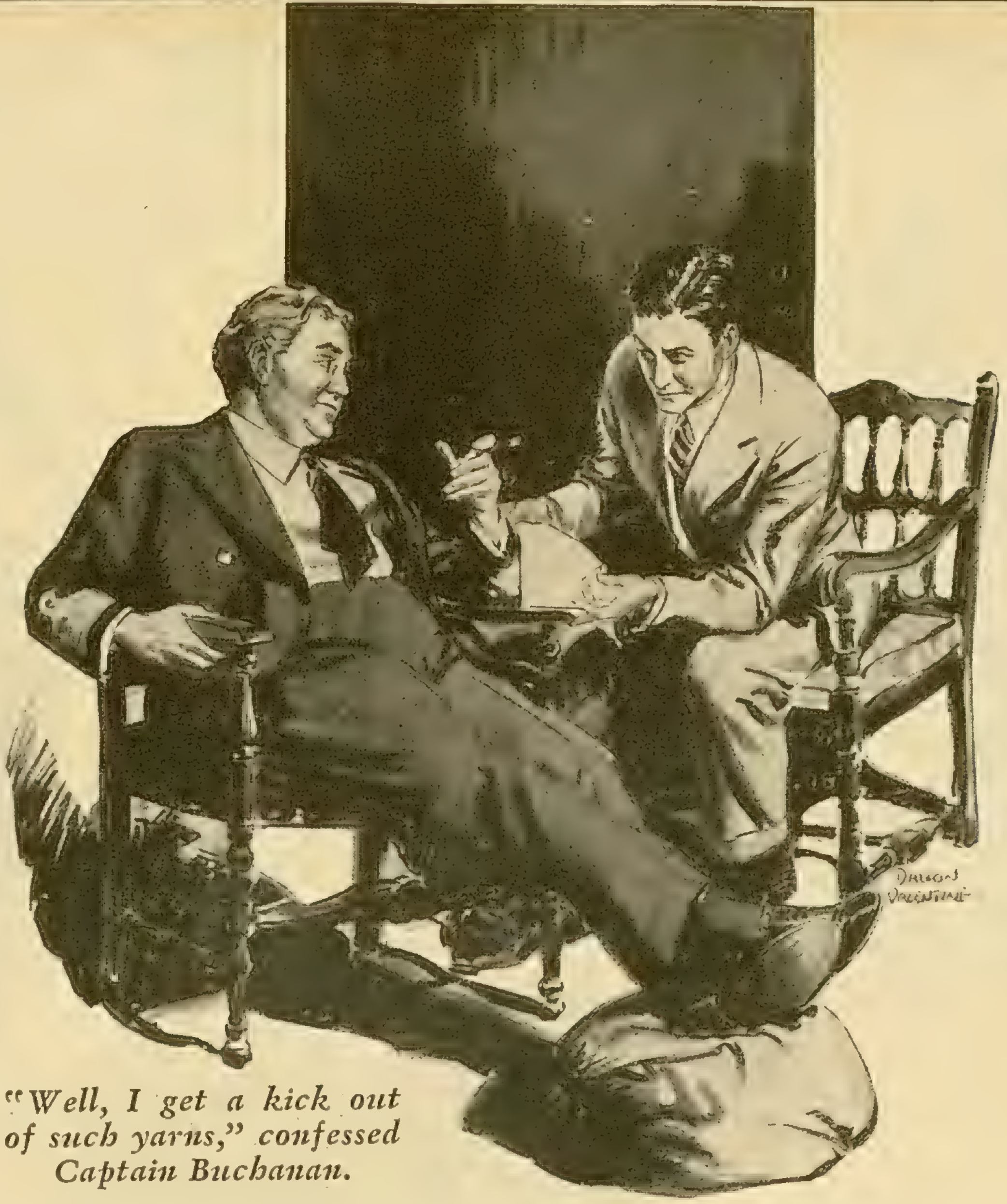
If Jeffrey Baxter, on entering Captain Buchanan's private domain some ten minutes later, expected the captain to reopen the subject of Baxter's thwarted hope of being married on the high seas, then Jeffrey Baxter was a disappointed young man.

"I trust I didn't interrupt you at whatever you were doing?" he said, having welcomed his visitor and passed a box of very poisonous-looking cigars.

"Not at all," said Baxter. "When your man overhauled me, I was just promenading the deck, enjoying the early morning air and telling myself that in spite of occasional disappointments it's a remarkably fine world we live in. Was there anything of particular importance you wanted to see me about, captain? Or is this just to be a social call?"

"JUST a little powwow," said the older man. "That, and maybe a question or so; nothing of consequence, though. I get lonesome sometimes, holding down this job. I meet thousands of people every year, but nearly all of them are strangers to me when they come up the gangway and become strangers again after they've gone back down it. With people I like it's different. Since I first met you—and took a liking to you—I've been minded to ask you something, and here it is: I wonder why a chap like you ever went into the practice of the criminal law when probably you might have made more money and certainly might have had an easier life following civil law?"

"Other people have asked me that," said Baxter. "There's only one answer: Because there's something about the battle, the clash of wits, the element of danger, that gets into my blood. Captain, have you ever sat through a murder trial? Well, no playwright ever wrote



"Well, I get a kick out of such yarns," confessed Captain Buchanan.

a tragedy one tenth so thrilling, so absorbing, as an actual fight in an actual court of law where a fellow creature's life or his liberty or his good name is the stake. On one side there is the law, with all its majesty and all its force, intent on taking from the prisoner at the bar that which is most precious to him; and on the other side the prisoner—and his lawyer — contending against those odds. And if the lawyer is morally convinced, as he should be, that his client is innocent, or that the cause of his client has merit, or even that the client is deserving of more mercy than the state would grant him—Well, anyhow, I guess that helps to explain why I'm in the criminal courts so much oftener than I am in the civil courts, and also why I'm more inclined to take on the rôle of defender than prosecutor."

"I thought perhaps that might be the general idea," agreed Captain Buchanan. "By the way, do you ever read mystery stories—crime stories?"

"Not very often," said Baxter and smiled. "You see, I encounter so many cases in real life which to me seem more stirring than any supposititious case could be—and generally they are more plausible."

"Well, I get a kick out of such yarns," confessed Captain Buchanan. "I've just been reading one that's running as a serial in a monthly magazine. I forget the title, but the tale got quite a grip on me. The last installment left the heroine in a terrible spot—about to go on trial for murder in the first degree."

"Being the heroine of a fiction tale, she's young and she's pretty?" guessed Baxter.

"ALL of that and more than that. She's beautiful and appealing—and she's friendless, or practically so. She's probably only the figment of a novelist's fancy, but I'm all worked up over her. So I'm going to give you briefly an outline as to where she stood at last reports, and then you tell me, as a specialist, what you think her chances for acquittal are; and when the next issue of that magazine comes out, three weeks from now, I'll be able to see for myself how closely, if at all, a trained lawyer's theory will parallel a novelist's version. How about it?"

"Sounds interesting," said Baxter. "Suppose you frame the thing into a sort of hypothetical question, assuming that all the facts are real facts instead of being imaginary ones, and I'll take it for a basis."

"My notion precisely," said Captain Buchanan, hiding a great inward gratification, and forthwith launched into a deftly camouflaged recital of Glenda's confession.

Beginning at the point when the girl, on the verge of finding happiness with a decent man, had suddenly been summoned by her former betrayer, he told the story of it through to the moment of her panic-stricken flight from the room where the old lover lay dead upon the floor. Since he believed all that Glenda had admitted to him, he told it with an effective sincerity. Since secretly his sympathies had been tremendously enlisted for the actual culprit, he told it graphically. He called the slain man "John Jones" and he called the remorseful slayer "Sadie Smith"; but except for the use of these misleading names, the account, when he had done with it, was in all essentials the same account given him by Glenda.

WHILE Captain Buchanan drew his picture, and he all the while unconsciously making himself an advocate for the accused woman, Baxter hearkened, his face drawn into a pucker of shrewd concentration. When Buchanan had finished with painting it, Baxter continued to ponder in silence.

"Well, let's see now," the young lawyer said finally. "This girl—this Sadie Smith—is young and good-looking and she's alone in the world. All that's in her favor. And, by your description, Jones was a rotter and a bully and a damned poor sport. That ought to help her—some. But that's not enough. There's such a damning array of circumstantial evidence against her! She goes to Jones's apartment; he doesn't come to hers. And there are two bullet holes in his body—and one of them is in his back. The first wound might be accounted for on the ground, as she claims, that during the struggle for its possession, the weapon unwittingly was discharged either by her or by him.

"But to make a jury believe that the jolt of striking the floor loosed from that gun the second bullet—that would be a task infinitely more difficult. You might prove by actual demonstration that, with the safety catch off, an automatic possibly could be so discharged, but suppose the demonstration failed? And any smart prosecutor could show by expert testimony that the chances of such an accidental discharge were very, very remote. Moreover, this girl doesn't stand by to face the consequences of her act. She turns fugitive, you tell me; she runs away, leaving that riddled corpse mutely to accuse her and perhaps to condemn her. Her flight can be made to look like a tacit admission of guilt. Captain, the prospect doesn't look any too bright for your Miss Sadie Smith. On the other hand, if her character before this killing has been unblemished, if she has never had any police record—"

"I forgot to mention that point," said Captain Buchanan. "Unfortunately, she was mixed up in a criminal charge once, but through no fault of her own. It was due to ignorance on her part, to innocence—"

"Never mind that part of it," said Baxter, interrupting. "Innocent or not, the admitted proof that she has such a stain on her past constitutes an added handicap for her and her lawyer. The district attorney will dwell on it, emphasize it, nail her to the cross with it. To meet this greater charge against her she comes to court with that old taint still upon her. She can't get away from her own background; there's no escape for her there. In the last analysis, I'd say—"

"Wait!" commanded Captain Buchanan. "Don't say it—write it all out for me. Then I'll have something tangible, rather than my memory of what you said, for purposes of comparison with the next chapter of that serial. I'm going to be busy elsewhere for the next half hour or so. You go into my chart room next door here and put it down on paper—your deductions, your opinion, everything; and when I get back here maybe we will discuss it further."

"It'll be fun," said Baxter. "Perhaps you don't realize, captain, but you've aroused my professional instincts. I'm almost as much stirred up over this make-believe homicide as though it were not make-believe."

"That's what I wanted to do," said Captain Buchanan with an earnestness which escaped the younger man.

Leaving Baxter humped over a table, Captain Buchanan hailed a quartermaster on auxiliary duty upon the bridge which spanned his quarters, and sent that functionary below with somewhat cryptic instructions for the chief stewardess. Then he slipped back into the chart room and did what would have seemed to Baxter, had that intent young man been cognizant of it, a most curious and a most inexplicable thing. Stealthily he unlocked a drawer in a tall chest at the farther side of the room and, taking care that there was no telltale jingling, he took from the drawer a pair of steel handcuffs. There were other handcuffs there; heavy leg irons too.

The pair he took were the lightest and smallest of the lot. He slid the joined bracelets into a side pocket of his coat, and again stepped out upon the deck.

TO him, as he waited there, came presently the chief stewardess, one Jean McAlpin, by birth a Scot, as he by descent was Scottish, in every line of her firm face and angular middle-aged figure bespeaking the dependability of a dependable race.

"The young lady is still in her cabin," she told him. "But dressed and about ready to come out, so her room stewardess says."

Swiftly he advised her regarding the important part she was to play in the next step of his stratagem. If she was surprised—and she must have been—she did not betray it.

"Quite so, sir," was all she said.

She followed the Old Man down the companionway to the corridor leading to Glenda Cromwell's quarters.

Captain Buchanan waited while the chief stewardess summoned Glenda. Five minutes later they were alone in the corridor. Grimly he told her of the radio message from the New York police.

"I want you to go somewhere with me," he said.

Obeying the gravely authoritative tone in his voice, Glenda fell into step with him.

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the price of Film on teeth

To save teeth you must fight film

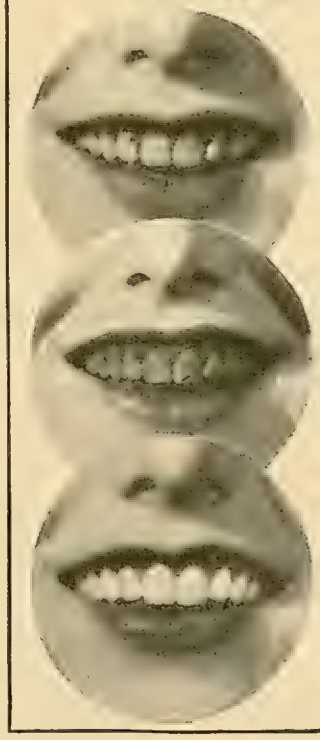
WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember, the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent—twice every day and to see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

Down to D Deck, Captain Buchanan, and he saying nothing the while, escorted the silent, wondering girl. Forward on D Deck they went almost to the bow, and then without warning he ushered her into a small triangular-shaped cabin, sparsely furnished. In its outer side was set one small porthole, and that porthole was crisscrossed by iron bars. By contrast with the luxurious room she had just quit, this ugly cubbyhole, with its bare steel shell, its narrow bed, seemed as bleak almost as a cell in a lock-up. She knew that feeling—how bitterly well she knew it!—that feeling as though these naked menacing walls were closing in on her to crush her.

"Sit down," he bade her, and closed the small heavy door behind them.

All at once apprehensive, she perched herself upon the edge of the hard mattress.

"This place," he told her, "is in what we call the 'brig.' It is where an offender against discipline in the crew, or any disorderly person, any dangerous person, is kept locked up."

"Yes," she faltered. "I could guess—I somehow knew what it's for."

"Then perhaps you can guess what these are for?" he went on, and now, before her horrified eyes, he was dangling a pair of handcuffs, their linked chain gleaming like a short bright snake, their twin circlets hanging open-jawed, like the mouths of some little double-headed reptilian monster all ready to bite down on a victim's flesh.

"Yes," she said in a stricken whisper and shrank back, and he marked how, involuntarily, she chafed at her slender wrists as though to rub away the stigmata of a hideous reawakened memory. "Yes—once I—"

"I have already sent the chief stewardess to pack your personal belongings for transfer to this cabin," he continued. "Under my responsibilities it is within my power to keep you confined here until this cruise is ended. And if, furthermore, I should deem it necessary to insure against any attempt by you to escape from custody or to do yourself an injury, it becomes not only my right but my duty to put these shackles on you."

"BUT only yesterday," she protested, "when I came to you and told you who I was and what I had done, you pledged your word—"

"That was yesterday," he broke in. "Today is another story. For just a little while ago I received that radio from the New York Police Department saying you were suspected of the killing of Leo Young and asking whether you were aboard. And I wirelessed back that you were aboard, which means I have guaranteed that you still will be aboard when we return."

"But, captain," she pleaded desperately, "I promised you that I would surrender myself. I only asked for these few days—this little taste of paradise before I walked down into hell. And now— Oh, God! Oh, God, have mercy on me, a sinner!"

"What you promised—I recall your words—was that if you *were still a passenger on this ship* when we docked, you would surrender. That might mean—well, almost anything." And he stared hard into her brimming eyes.

"Jeffrey," she murmured, shaken by an added distress; "you've told him, then?"

"No, not yet. Whether I tell him may depend altogether on you."

"But when you pen me up here like a caged animal—when you chain my hands—"

"I haven't actually said I meant to do those things. I only have shown you what in my discretion I can do, and what in my best judgment I may yet have to do."

Now there came a discreet knocking on the door.

"Stay where you are," Captain Buchanan ordered his forlorn prisoner, and stepped through the door, closing it behind him.

Outside stood Jean McAlpin and her square jaws were set in a triumphant smile.

"It didn't take long, sir," she said in a satisfied undertone, and at that turned her cupped hand to show him what small object it held. "The rest of the scheme should be equally easy—just give me five minutes more, captain."

He whispered, and she sped away, a competent, earnest shape. At once then, slitting the door behind him and speaking for Glenda's benefit in a full voice, he said:

"Very well, stewardess, but I'm thinking I may change my mind. You are to put the young lady's things back exactly where you found them. For the time being, at least, she will go on occupying her present quarters."

A little later, when Captain Buchanan and the girl left the brig for a more pleasant spot, she bravely had regained her outward composure, and as for the wily old skipper, he inwardly was congratulating himself upon the somewhat theatrical but, as he figured, eminently successful device employed in this, the latest phase of his ramified individual plotting.

"I've just finished," said Jeffrey Baxter, looking up from the desk as his secretly exultant friend reappeared in the chart room. He held out a sheaf of scribbled sheets.

"Thanks," replied Buchanan. "But before I read it, tell me this: Has Sadie Smith got any earthly chance of being acquitted?"

"If she has the right sort of lawyer, a clever, brilliant, resourceful lawyer, who believes in her absolutely, a lawyer who is committed heart and soul to her side, a lawyer who can put every ounce of sincerity, every atom of earnestness, every pound of ability and every inch of quick-wittedness that he possesses into the battle for her liberty, I'd say yes."

"Splendid!" bellowed Captain Buchanan and, very much to Jeffrey's surprise, dealt that gentleman a slap upon his shoulder which almost dislocated it.

Chapter Six

Chains of the Past

By

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

GERTRUDE ATHERTON *was born in San Francisco and still makes that city her home, although she has lived abroad much of the time. She was educated in private schools and by tutors, and is the author of numerous novels. She was given the Legion of Honor in 1925.*

LIFE had made an accomplished actress of Glenda Cromwell; more particularly her life with Leo Young. After the novelty of luxury had worn thin, and she had penetrated with disillusioned eyes the vile character of the man who had rescued her, the gaudy night life, the senseless pursuit of excitement in which bad liquor and jazz bands were the main factors had soon inspired ennui and disgust.

Honest and aspiring by nature, if fate had been kinder she would, no doubt, have found an outlet for the adventurousness of youth—which amounts to little more than a desire for change—either in society or travel. It was this longing for adventure, combined with resentment against the monotonies of small-town life and the stern eyes of watchful parents, that had driven her forth to indulge her wild dreams of an unfettered career. Too young and inexperienced to know anything of the sordid phases of life in great cities, her dreams had been of high adventure culminating in marriage with some hero of romance.

When she had arrived in New York with forty dollars in her pocket, been forced to go into squalid lodgings, found, after haunting theatrical agencies, shops, offices, that there were fifty applicants for every job, young, beautiful, ignorant, it was not long before she fell an easy prey to the man who pretended to marry her, then brought about the predicament which delivered her to Leo Young.

During those long empty days in her ornate apartment, when she was tired of wandering through the shops and "buying things," of promenading Fifth Avenue and driving aimlessly in the park, she had leisure for thought.

Adventure! She hated the word. With her it had meant being caught in the meshes of the law, gibbering through the bars of a prison cell, chained to the most despicable man she had ever known.

To distract her mind she had cultivated a taste for reading, and her native intelligence had led her from trivial novels to works that developed her mind above her surroundings and made her increasingly disgusted with them, with Leo Young and his associates.

WHEN she met Jeffrey Baxter, so different from the men of night clubs and speakeasies, her cynical mind had at first refused to accept the fact that within the radius of *her* life, at least, there was to be found one decent, temperate, honorable, and not too selfish male; but cynicism dissolved like a choking mist before a high, clean wind when she was forced to believe that he really loved her, and was determined to marry her.

And then— Disaster. Tragedy. Worse to come.

Once more she had been the sport of fate. And fate had decreed that happiness was not for her, that truly hers was to be a life of "adventure." A sensational trial during which she would have a brief eminence as the most notorious woman in New York, possibly in America, and then the trip up the river to the electric chair.

Possibly Baxter would save her from that, but he would never marry her—nor she him! And there would be nothing left for her but vaudeville, or a succession of people delighted to flaunt the heroine of a murder scandal.

But—oh, no. Not that. She had her pills. She would never set foot on land again, and Jeff would have his memories.

The interview with the kindly captain who held her immediate fate in his hands had reënforced her courage. She went to her room to compose herself, and when, half an hour later, Jeffrey knocked at the communicating door, she greeted him with a brilliant smile.

"How about the pool?" she asked gayly. "I long for a swim."

"Right," he said. "I haven't even had a proper walk this morning. Get into your bathing togs."

A few minutes later, decorously

"I like your cheek!"

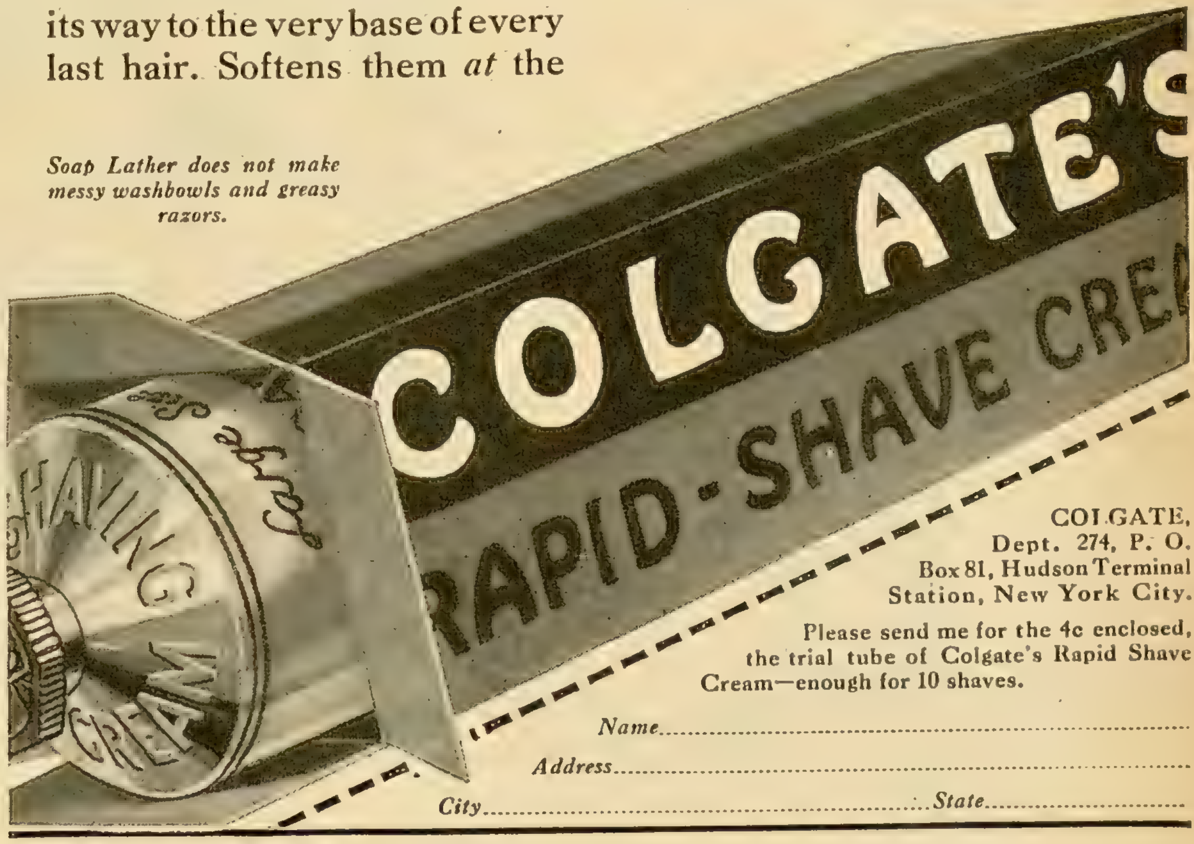
Face smooth all day long when you shave in the morning with small bubble lather!

"Swell shave this morning, Jack"—you've heard that at 8 A. M. But when she says at 6 P. M.—"Did you get shaved this afternoon?" that's what a *Colgate* shave does for you.

Why? Here's why! Small bubble lather. Lather that finds its way to the very base of every last hair. Softens them *at* the base where your razor takes them off. Leaves your face *clean*-feeling, *clean*-looking.

Try this Colgate shave tomorrow morning for a clean, well-groomed look tomorrow night. No other shave cream does it quite like Colgate's.

Soap Lather does not make messy washbowls and greasy razors.



COLGATE,
Dept. 274, P. O.
Box 81, Hudson Terminal
Station, New York City.

Please send me for the 4c enclosed, the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream—enough for 10 shaves.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

covered by topcoats, they were running down the stairs hand in hand, laughing and talking happily about nothing, to the swimming pool on the lower deck.

It was a large pool for the size of the ship, but the inclosure was fairly crowded. A fat woman, blowing like a porpoise, had just been ducked by her three naughty daughters. Her undutiful son, standing on the edge of the diving board, threatened to land on her expansive front, while she panted for mercy. Other girls and young men, standing on the brink, clapped with delight, and then plunged in simultaneously, causing a wave that deluged the poor lady once more. She climbed out sputtering and, threatening dire vengeance on her unregenerate offspring, huddled herself in a wrap, and left the scene with what dignity she could summon.

Glenda, so far, had mingled very little with the other passengers, but as she was about to swing off the rim of the pool one of the girls caught her by the leg and laughed with friendly eyes as she toppled over. She laughed back good-naturedly, and several of the other girls crowded about her, admiring her sea-green bathing suit and the jaunty little green cap that covered all but stray wisps of copper-colored hair. They told her they had been " dying to meet her " because she was the prettiest girl on the ship and looked so " nice." She responded in kind, promised to meet them at tennis next morning, and felt as young and as presumably innocent as they.

SHE disengaged herself from the girls, swam over to Jeffrey, and they disported themselves in the miniature waves, dived from the board, until it was time to run back to their cabins and dress for luncheon.

At their little table she played the rôle of the happy young wife to perfection, tender memories shining from her eyes, luminous with happiness. And Jeffrey was too absorbed in the supreme content of the moment, presaging as it did a lifetime of exquisite domesticity, to remember his interest in a " wholly imaginary case." It did not occur to him to mention it. And so she was totally unprepared.

They went up on deck. Some of the younger passengers rushed off to play tennis, quoits, or shuffleboard. Others took a brisk constitutional, meticulously counting the number of times they circled the ship. Those older and stouter sank into their chairs and wondered at the inexhaustible energy that seemed to be bred by life at sea. The bridge fiends hastened to the tables, and the hardened sinners returned to the bar.

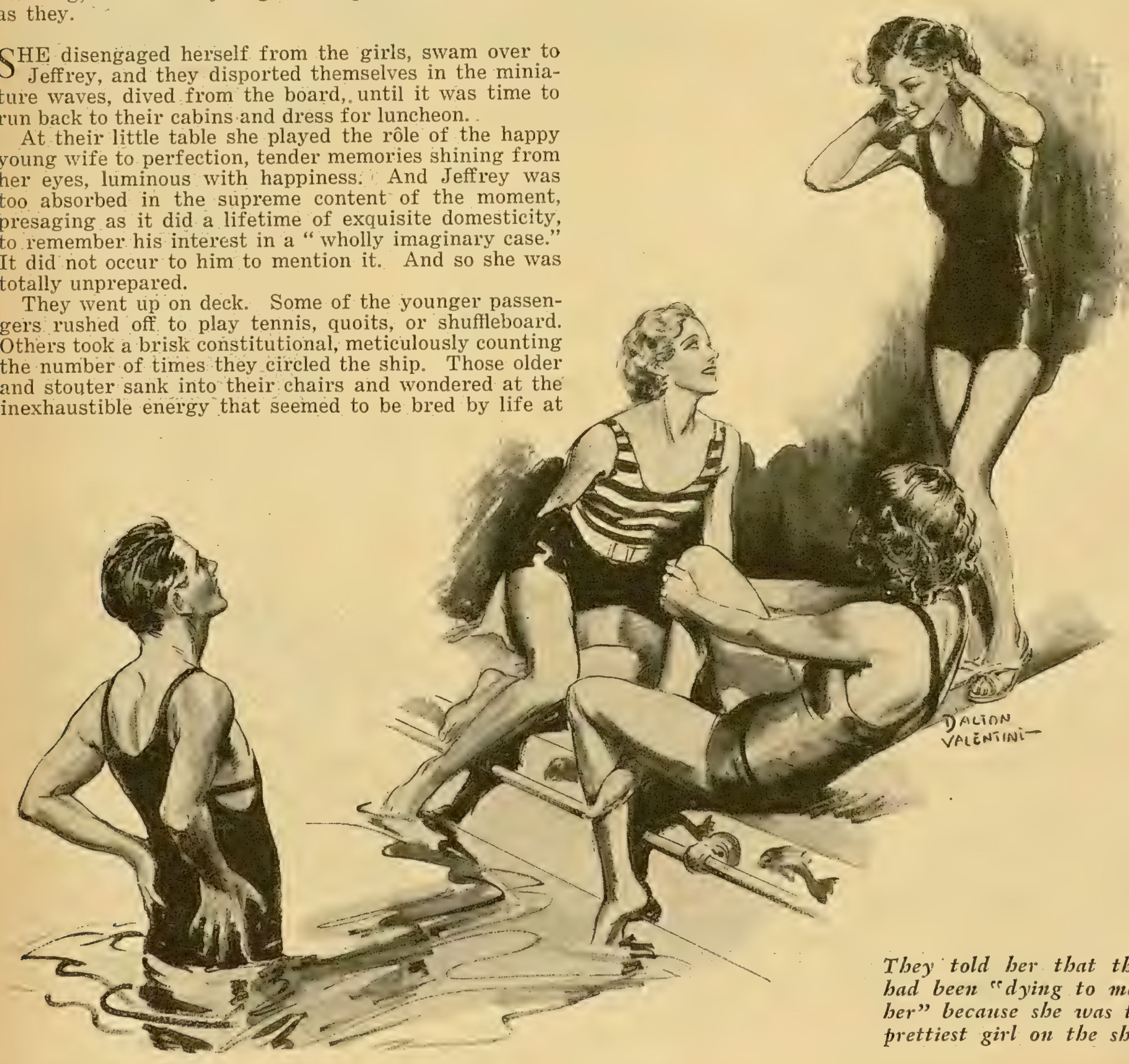
The bride and groom stood by the railing gazing out over the peaceful blue sea, hand in hand, lost in wordless ecstasy. Jeffrey and Glenda overheard the cynical remarks of a couple letting digestion have its way in two of the deck chairs.

" What of the hard-boiled young things we hear so much about? " demanded the woman, whose youth was long past. " Those two belong to what is known as Society, do they not? And yet they are as unreticent in their bliss as two country bumpkins ' walking out.' "

The man laughed. " Love! " he said. " Love and youth. When the two fuse into one for the first time the hard crust goes flooey, no matter what class they come out of."

" True enough," said Jeffrey, " and we don't care either." He drew her arm through his and they strolled about, watching the tennis players, took a hand at shuffleboard, stood by the rail talking of the future.

" I think I'd prefer a house to an apartment," said Glenda in the tone of one who has given the subject hours of deliberation. " There is nothing really homelike about an apartment; so many families under one roof. I'd like one of those old houses on Murray Hill. Besides, we would never be obliged to listen to anyone else's radio! "



They told her that they had been "dying to meet her" because she was the prettiest girl on the ship.

"A house it shall be. But why not one of those charming little houses over on the river? We might even find one in Sutton Place."

Glenda shook her head. "Too swank. I should feel so much more cut off, more alone just with you, in that old-fashioned quarter. Moreover, I'd love to do an old house over and make something new and original out of it. Combine all that is new and ultramodern in art with solid comfort."

"You shall have everything you want in life from this time on," he said fondly. "I like old Murray Hill myself."

Later in the afternoon they wandered into the main lounge. The passengers, tired of other amusements and deck chairs, were absorbed in the horse race. A strip of carpet had been extended the length of the room and dotting it were the miniature horses, rapidly changing position as the deck steward threw the dice. The onlookers were betting furiously, that gambling instinct which is inherent in every human being, even in tribes that have never come into contact with civilization, filling them with pleasurable excitement.

THE race finished, the crowd clamored for another, and the deck steward gathered up the horses and placed them in position once more.

"I am going to bet!" announced Glenda. "Do you mind?" she asked Jeffrey.

"Not a bit. Only I'll not bet myself, as I have the devil's own luck with cards and all games of chance."

"Well, you're lucky at love!" said Glenda, and if there was a wry twist at one corner of her mouth, he did not see it. "Steward, I choose the fifth. Five is my lucky number."

"Right you are, miss. And I hope you win." Even deck stewards are human, and she was certainly the prettiest girl on the ship. "She's got 'It,' all right," he and the dining-room steward who waited upon the young couple had concluded the night before.

He picked up one of the enormous dice and threw it. The betting began. Horse Number Two won on the first throw. Then Number Eleven. Glenda held her breath with excitement. Everything else was forgotten. For a time her horse was stationary. Then he took a leap forward, planted firmly in the second place. Glenda dug her nails into her palms. She *must* win. It would be an omen!

And win she did. When Jeffrey and the others congratulated her, her eyes were sparkling, dimples were playing in her cheeks, and she almost danced with delight. The volatile leaven in her nature stood her in good stead. "You see," she whispered to Jeffrey exultantly, "one can be lucky in both love and gambles."

"Why not? Isn't love the greatest gamble of all? But *we* are all right because the cards are stacked for *us*. And a kindly fate has loaded the dice— Oh, damn!"

no revealing outlines . . .
but the same thickness,
the same protective area

the new
Phantom*
Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

YOU WANT to eliminate those telltale outlines. Yet you must have safe, certain, sanitary protection. And that . . . exactly that . . . is what the new Phantom Kotex gives you.

For this new design flattens and tapers the ends of your protection so that it fits without the tiniest revealing wrinkle, yet the protective thickness is *identically* the same.

Kotex features retained

This new Phantom Kotex is in every way as effective as the Kotex you know. Soft, even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; disposable.

In hospitals alone more than 24 million Kotex pads were used last year.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little!

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854.

For your protection, each end of this new Phantom Kotex is now plainly stamped "Kotex." It is on sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER? Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, care of Kotex Company, Room 2156A, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! *Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.*

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The captain had entered, and he was accompanied by that inevitable bore who is the pest of every ship. It was he who talked most loudly and persistently in the smoking room, who buttonholed the passengers that had not yet become expert at dodging him. An "old traveler"—one of his boasts—he looked upon leadership as his right, and had been the first to organize the pool and the games; no doubt would get up the ship's concert for the benefit of disabled sailors—with a long speech—and the fancy-dress ball tomorrow night. Only thirst had prevented him from presiding at the horse race.

He stepped in front of the captain and raised his hand. "Folks"—he *would* say "folks"—boomed out a voice that reduced the hubbub to a groan of resignation, "I have persuaded our kindly and gallant captain to permit me to organize a mock trial. In my many voyages on the seven seas, as Kipling has it, I have discovered that there is no shipboard entertainment to hold a candle to it. In spite of its being an old story, I get all het up every time. Take it from me, folks, there's nothing to equal it for excitement. I've known women to go into hysterics, to say nothing of fainting and being carried out. And it's the queerest thing, but never in my many cruises has it happened there hasn't been a lawyer or two on board. Well, the world's got so many more lawyers than it wants, when a few of 'em take a rest they're not missed.

"My luck holds good this time. Better luck than usual, I may say, for we have on board one of the most distinguished lawyers in New York City. Mr. Jeffrey Baxter is famous alike for his eloquence and the number of his victories. Now this is what I've got to propose, and I expect a round of applause. I've chosen the cast, and I know everyone will agree with me. Mr. Baxter, of course, will be the district attorney, and someone else will be chosen to be the defending counsel.

"And who is to be the defendant? A woman, of course. No drama in acquitting another man. And she must be young, beautiful, and look as innocent as an angel. We won't know whether she is innocent or guilty until we are through with her, but she must look as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Otherwise, no appeal to the jury. She's up for murder—what kind of murder can be decided later, but murder it must be. No drama in anything else.

"Now, when I say appeal, I mean appeal. Allure, soft full lips that promise just everything, and large Madonna eyes that just ain't on speaking terms with that mouth. How often does a counsel for the defense have that much luck? Not often, take it from me. And he needs all the help of that kind he can get with a jury. I shall be the foreman of our jury, and, believe me, I shall be the boy who listens to the dictates of his conscience. When we retire to talk it over, our brains will be just reeling with all the eloquence of the lawyers, and the appeal of those big, soft, frightened eyes and that drooping but still promising mouth. I, too, shall be dizzy, but I shall summon to my aid all the conscientiousness of the dutiful citizen and do my duty by the state. If the case of the D. A. is strong enough, I'll forget the drama of the court room, and see that the jury pronounces her guilty.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, who is to be the defendant at the bar? Who is the young woman on board this ship who just fills this rôle to perfection? Who is young, beautiful, alluring, with big eyes that could look terrified and appealing if they had to, and whose innocence no man would doubt unless the evidence was just too strong for anything? Why, Miss Glenda Cromwell, of course. She is the loveliest girl on board by universal consent, and Mr. Jeffrey Baxter, if you can prove her guilty, you'll be the biggest man on this ship. Captain Buchanan, I ask you to appoint Mr. Baxter as prosecuting attorney, some lucky man as defending counsel, and Miss Glenda as prisoner at the bar. I will attend to the jury, and you, captain, of course, will be the judge."

He sat down and mopped his brow. The women glanced at one another, and then at Glenda, who was staring at the floor. "I won't faint! I won't faint! I won't faint!" her almost paralyzed brain was reiterating. There was no other thought in it at the moment.

"I think the choice is a good one," remarked a faded blonde acidly. "It's those demure ones that are capable of anything. That crashing bore hit the nail on the head. She looks guilty this minute, if you ask me."

"Have you heard," whispered her companion, "that she and Baxter have adjoining staterooms?"

"Have I heard! It's all over the ship, and as they're together every minute we can bet our last dollar that communicating door is not locked at night. They're simply brazen about it. I call it disgusting, and for one, shan't speak to her—not if this trip lasted for six months."

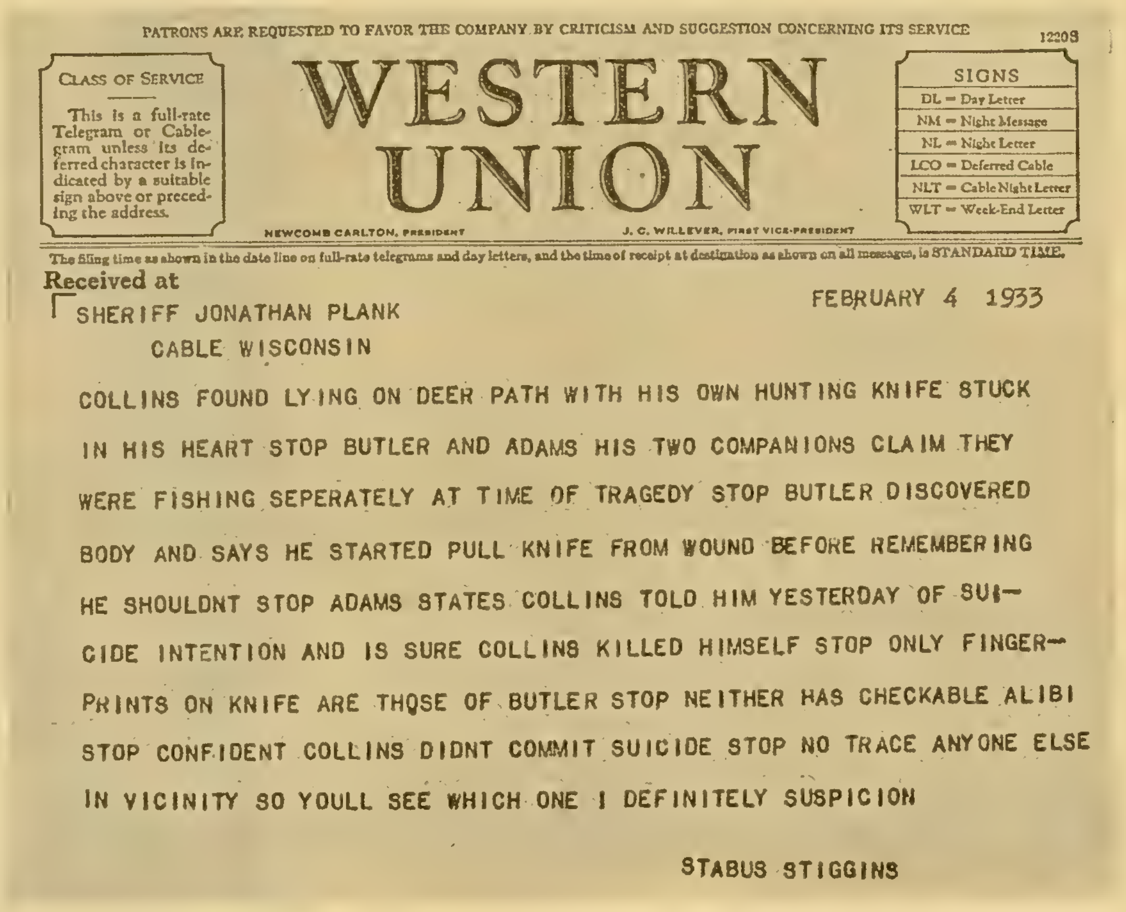
"Perhaps they're secretly married," said the younger woman hopefully.

"Perhaps! Then why ask for a scandal? Not much.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley



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Received at

FEBRUARY 4 1933

SHERIFF JONATHAN PLANK
CABLE WISCONSIN

COLLINS FOUND LYING ON DEER PATH WITH HIS OWN HUNTING KNIFE STUCK IN HIS HEART STOP BUTLER AND ADAMS HIS TWO COMPANIONS CLAIM THEY WERE FISHING SEPERATELY AT TIME OF TRAGEDY STOP BUTLER DISCOVERED BODY AND SAYS HE STARTED PULL KNIFE FROM WOUND BEFORE REMEMBERING HE SHOULDNT STOP ADAMS STATES COLLINS TOLD HIM YESTERDAY OF SUICIDE INTENTION AND IS SURE COLLINS KILLED HIMSELF STOP ONLY FINGERPRINTS ON KNIFE ARE THOSE OF BUTLER STOP NEITHER HAS CHECKABLE ALIBI STOP CONFIDENT COLLINS DIDNT COMMIT SUICIDE STOP NO TRACE ANYONE ELSE IN VICINITY SO YOULL SEE WHICH ONE I DEFINITELY SUSPICION

STABUS STIGGINS

Whom Did Stiggins Suspect and Why? The solution will appear next week.

He's just amusing himself with her. A man I talked to last night said he was almost sure he had seen her at some night club or other with a fast crowd. He wouldn't swear to it, for she dresses so simply on board—pose of the sweet young thing—and the woman he saw was got up like a queen of the underworld, and wore a lot of make-up. But I'll bet he was right."

Baxter, his eyes shining with the light of battle, was talking to the captain.

"Splendid idea!" he exclaimed. "Didn't dream that bore had so much sense. And here's the chance to try out that story of yours. Couldn't have a better case."

The bore himself claimed his attention, and the captain, feeling anything but happy, walked quickly over to Glenda, who was still staring at the floor. As she heard his voice she raised her eyes and fixed them on him in agonized appeal.

"Congratulations," he said loudly, for the benefit of those near by. "Congratulations, dear lady, upon being cast for the star part." He dropped his voice. "Courage," he whispered. "I would have prevented this if I could, but somehow I got the idea he was going to appoint the little bride as the accused. I can't stop it now without arousing suspicion, but if you want to feel ill—"

"That would make Jeff think something was wrong. But—do you think that man *knows?*"

"Certainly not. Couldn't possibly. There is no copy of that police radio in the files, and he has received no radio himself. Here comes Jeffrey. Buck up."

"Oh, Glen!" exclaimed Baxter, whose face was radiant. "I hope you don't mind. But if you don't feel like being conspicuous—" he added doubtfully.

Courage was the keynote of Glenda's character. Her pulse resumed its normal tempo. The color returned to her cheeks and lips.

"I naturally felt a little frightened at first, but now I feel the prospect rather exciting. What sort of murder am I supposed to have committed?"

"You've shot your former lover who blew in from Europe just as you were on the eve of marrying the man you really love. Shot him not only in front but in the back. You ran away, but you left your fingerprints and cigarette case behind you."

In next week's installment J. P. McEvoy and Ursula Parrott will take up the story of Glenda and the mock trial.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a chantey?

2—Where does the wine, champagne, get its name?

3—What is a brochure?

4—What is the sex-distinguishing name applied to female rabbits?

5—How many pounds are there in a barrel of flour?

6—Who was Lorna Doone?

7—What is a nutmeg?

8—Who was the composer of the Hallelujah Chorus?

9—Was St. Paul one of the twelve apostles?

10—Why was ammonia once popularly known as hartshorn?

11—What was the name of Alexander the Great's war horse?

12—For what activity is Mme. Montessori noted?

13—What is a grayling?

14—What was another name for ancient Troy?

15—Who wrote The Pied Piper of Hamelin?

16—Who was Leon Czolgosz?

17—What was the original derivation of the word "planet"?

18—Why is the secretary bird so called?

19—What is the Japanese name for Korea?

20—What is patchouli?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

QUESTION—What have physicians recommended for years to increase the general resistance of people under par? *(Answer on page 44.)*

RAW WINDS
SLOPPY WEATHER
DRAFTS
STUFFY ROOMS

Are apt to get the best of you—if your general resistance is low . . . . .

★

Even if you do have to go out in sloppy weather, live in overheated rooms, and ride in stuffy trains, make a special effort to stay well.

Build up good general resistance! It's a valuable defense against common winter ills.

Two factors, essential to good general resistance are now available in a new concentrate of cod-liver oil vitamins—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D.*

Vitamin A, provided in abundance by Adex Tablets, is an important resistance-building factor.

Vitamin D, also present in Adex, is the sunshine vitamin which helps to tone the system. During the dreary days of winter, it is particularly desirable to obtain Vitamin D from some reliable source, like Adex.

You will find Adex Tablets pleasant to take! Chocolate coated, easy to swallow.

Don't delay getting them. *Start now and take them regularly every day!* At any good drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form

Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in one of the scenes from the film version of Hemingway's Farewell to Arms.

Romance

Hemingway's Novel Makes a Beautiful Picture; A Political Feature, and Two Other Crime Talkies

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

"GOSH, why don't they stick to the book?" That's the squawk of those who are outraged at the screen version of something they've read. Well, it isn't as easy as it would seem. Each medium excels in expressing certain things and the translation from one to the other is not always successful—or desirable. Childbirth, for instance, can be treated beautifully in literature: the physical facts of childbirth when seen on the screen rob motherhood of much of its tenderness. In attempting to be faithful to Hemingway's beautiful story, that was the problem encountered in A Farewell to Arms.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ A Farewell to Arms

CAST

Catherine Barkley, Helen Hayes; Lieutenant Frederic Henry, Gary Cooper; Major Rinaldi, Adolphe Menjou; Helen Ferguson, Mary Philips; The Priest, Jack La Rue; Head Nurse, Blanche Friderici; Donello, Henry Armetta; Piani, George Humbert; Manera, Fred Malatesta; Miss Van Campen, Mary Forbes; Grodoni, Robert Cauterio; British Major, Gilbert Emery.

Directed by Frank Borzage.
Produced by Paramount.

When the whole world is crashing and chaos is just around the corner, nothing matters. This story deals with the spiritual hopelessness and bewilderment of the boys and girls in the Great War who sought temporary escape in alcohol and sex adventures.

Helen Hayes is a nurse; Gary Cooper, an American attached to the Italian forces. Adolphe Menjou, an Italian army officer, adopts Gary as his "war brother." Gary meets Helen. Sex lures them both, but love, real love, develops. To marry is to violate army rules, so an army priest—splendidly acted by Jack La Rue—breaks regulations and mumbles the Latin marriage service.

Gary returns to the front; Helen secretly flees to Switzerland to have her baby, and from then on the story pictures Gary's search for her. He arrives only in time to see her die.

Up to this point the picture is quite as beautiful as the book. Miss Hayes has to undergo a Cæsarean operation, and the obstetrical scene would be much better left to the imagination. The book also paints the death scene more poignantly. For picture purposes Miss Hayes had to be propped up in bed and the action emphasized.

Other than this the picture is utterly convincing.

★ ★ Afraid to Talk

CAST

Peggy Martin, Sidney Fox; Ed Martin, Eric Linden; Anderson, Tully Marshall; Wade, Louis Calhern; Lennie, George Meeker; Stransky, Robert Warwick; Manning, Burton Churchill; Jig Zelli, Edward Arnold; Marge, Mayo Methot; Joe Zelli, J. Carrol Naish; Jameson, Edward Martindale; Beachley, Tom Jackson.

Directed by Edward Cahn.
Produced by Universal.

The immediate interest in this story centers about Eric Linden, a bell hop caught in the web of a terrible tragedy. The greater interest, however, lurks in the background of political spiders who weave the web.

Eric is called to a room in the hotel just in time to become an innocent witness to the murder of a gangster. The boy is afraid to talk lest he be put on the spot. The killer is caught, but as he got possession of papers from his victim involving the mayor and district attorney in criminal partnership with him, they are afraid to prosecute. The public, however, demands action, so the crime is hung on the bell hop, who "confesses" under the third degree.

Nor does virtue triumph in the end. True, the corruptionists are thrown out and Eric released, but the picture fades on the master spider picking his new group of venal politicians.

One of the quiet scenes in Central Park. The photograph shows Wallace Ford, Joan Blondell, and Guy Kibbee.

A picture of political corruption and rackets, Afraid to Talk features Sidney Fox and Eric Linden.

and Rackets

By
ROB
WAGNER

★ CENTRAL PARK

CAST
Dot, Joan Blondell; Rick, Wallace Ford; Charley, Guy Kibbee; Eby, Henry B. Walthall; Vivian, Patricia Ellis; Luke, Charles Sellon; Sergeant Riley, Spencer Charters; Smiley, John Wray; Nick, Harold Huber; Chairman of Casino ball, Holmes Herbert; Police Lieutenant, De Witt Jennings; Tony, Henry Armetta; Captain of Detectives, Willard Robertson; Police Captain, Harry Holman; Hymie, William Pawley; Barney, Wade Boteler; Police Commissioner, Edward Le Saint; Oscar, Irving Bacon; Spud, George Collins.
Directed by John Adolfi.
Produced by First National.

If we're to believe the Warners, who got up this picture, Central Park by night is cataclysm and crime and chaos!

Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford wandering in the park. Pick-up and love stuff. Two crooks lure Joan into impersonating a beauty queen so's to help 'em steal a charity fund. She tells Wallace; the crooks lock him up.

In the meantime an escaped madman throws the zoo keeper into a lion's den; the lion eats the fellow!

Joan does her stuff, and the crooks are just about to make off with the swag! But in the still meaner time Wallace bats his keeper's brains out! Escapes! And notifies the cops!

Thus begins the big punch. The charity-funders punch the crooks! The crooks punch the cops! And the cops punch everybody! Motor cops! Ambulances! Machine guns! Screeching sirens! All over the park, apparently the size of Texas!

But in the meanest time of all the lion gets loose! Central Park is now chaos, and in the midst of it Joan and Wallace are kissing each other.

The madman? He escaped to Hollywood where he wrote this story!

★ HANDLE WITH CARE

CAST
Bill Gordon, James Dunn; Helen Barlow, Boots Mallory; Carl Lundstrom, El Brendel; First Mug, Victor Jory; Tommy, Buster Phelps; Charlie, George Ernest; Police Lieutenant, Frank O'Connor; Callahan, Pat Hartigan; Second Mug, Arthur Vinton.
Directed by David Butler.
Produced by Fox.

James Dunn, a young assistant district attorney, is in love with Boots Mallory, a department-store girl who is mothering a couple of kid nephews, Buster Phelps and George Ernest, who in turn are mothering all the stray cats in the neighborhood.

James is menaced from two directions: by gangsters who are trying to call off his prosecution of them, and by Buster's cats that are always gumming up his romance.

The gangsters, out to "get" James, hide in a room with the kids; but Georgie escapes and, rounding up several thousand youngsters, storms the place and effects the capture of the gangsters. James returns with his arms full of cats for the kids, kisses away a lovers' quarrel with Boots, and everything is hotsy-totsy. A rather silly story made ridiculous by the baby bombardment.

David Butler, the director, deliberately threw the burden of the drama on to the shoulders of little Buster Phelps, and that five-year-old not only steals the picture but saves it.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness.

Boots Mallory, James Dunn, and El Brendel in Handle with Care, wherein little Buster Phelps saves the day.

He Heads Off Public

Floyd Starr, adjuster of boy "criminals" and founder of the Starr Commonwealth.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 55 seconds.)

HANDCUFFED, fifteen-year-old Glenn Hanson stood defiantly before the county judge while the red-faced sheriff apoplectically recounted the boy's crime: he had led the guardians of the law a wild and fearful chase in a series of stolen cars—exchanging one racing auto for another as its gas became exhausted.

"And he stole mine, too, when my back was turned and I was lookin' at the sedan he had run into a ditch!"

The onlookers in the Michigan country-store courtroom tittered. His Honor frowned and rapped. His sharp eyes sought those of a man who looked like Charlie Chaplin, and who stood a few feet away from the outraged sheriff and his prisoner. His Honor knew that this man had just dashed across the State of Michigan, and had brought every influence to bear to stay sentence on this boy, who had run away from the Starr Commonwealth for Boys, at Albion.

The man was Floyd Starr himself. Just another self-styled reformer who thought he knew more than all the police and penologists put together. So his Honor was caustic.

"I suppose," he said, "that you have come to ask me to give this fine young bird another chance—as usual?"

"No," said Mr. Starr softly; "I have not come to ask you to give Glenn Hanson another chance."

Astonishment held the courtroom.

"Oh!" exclaimed his Honor. "Well, this is the first time I have ever known you to go back on a boy. So he's too much for you, eh?"

Even the sheriff laughed at this one. When the gavel had brought silence, the judge started to read sentence.

"Just one word, please, your Honor," interrupted Floyd Starr in a low but penetrating tone. "I have come many miles to ask you to give *me* another chance."

The judge's mouth hung open.

"You see, Glenn deserted my custody to do this mad act. I am the one who failed. But if you will let the boy come back to me, I am sure he won't do anything of the kind again. We will *both* succeed in doing the right thing."

There was a murmur of admiration among the spectators. Floyd Starr had a way with him. No wonder the boys in his little lakeside colony worshiped their "Uncle."

All eyes were on his Honor. His face was a study. Though he would like to give the young rascal before him a taste of a cell and iron bars, he knew that Mr. Starr had weighty backing in Michigan and was not to be denied without due consideration. Besides, a boy in the Commonwealth was that much burden off county and state.

These good citizens of the Commonwealth were once in a fair way to grow up as public enemies.

"Very well," he grumbled. "Make out your case."

"I never talk of a boy's case in his hearing," said Starr in a tone that brooked no denial. "May Glenn go out and sit in my car while we finish the business?"

The sheriff scowled. "I—I think I better go out and sit with him," he said. "No tellin'—"

Starr smiled at the scowling minion of the law. "My first principle is to place a boy upon his honor at all times, and this is no exception. If I understand the court, this lad is now under my custody—not yours. . . . Sheriff, will you kindly release him? . . . Glenn, here is the key to my car. Will you go out and unlock it and take care of it until I come? Thanks, old man!"

Key in hand, his face flushed but his head high, the released culprit walked out of the courtroom.

Whatever happened between Glenn Hanson and his champion after that court scene—neither of them say much about it—this bad boy grew into a university student and graduated an honest, useful citizen. One thing

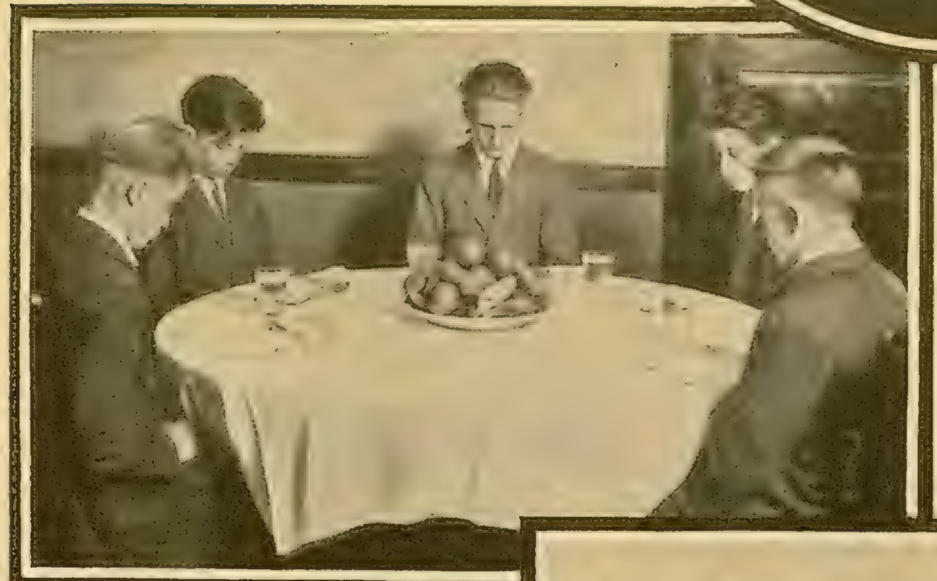
An Outline of the Extraordinary Career of Floyd Starr, Who Has Turned Hundreds of Potential Gangsters into Useful Citizens

Enemies

By

UPTON CLOSE

"Uncle Floyd" reads aloud to some might-have-been incorrigibles.



It's a Commonwealth custom to say grace before a meal.

Floyd Starr will say is that Glenn's case came nearest to failure of all those he has undertaken in the past eighteen years.

For, ever since that memorable day in 1914 when Starr took three young outlaws into his own country cottage to try to put them straight with life, he has made *men* of more than four hundred boys whose environment or natural tendencies were making them antisocial—many of them potential criminals of the most dangerous sort.

But this man-builder, like old Confucius, believes that man is born good and that it is the influences of life that warp his nature.

"There is no *bad* boy," Floyd Starr contends. "Badness is not a normal condition but is simply misdirected energy."

Again and again I have heard him say: "The so-called delinquent boy's crimes are merely his reactions against forces beyond his understanding which are crushing him; and naturally the more heinous these crimes are from the standpoint of society, the more the evidence is of the innate intelligence in the boy. Surround him with a friendly world until more acceptable methods of combat become virtually instinctive with him, and his future as a human asset to society is assured. The more a boy shocks and angers his community, the more anxious I am to get him."

Those who believe with Lombroso that there is a criminal type of person and that you can do nothing about it had better not argue with this Michigan molder of men. To him, the "worse" a boy is, the better the chance of making a fine man!

AND Starr has proved it over and over. His final argument is performance. For myself, I have visited his little Commonwealth many times on the shore of the lake that was his boyhood "swimmin' hole," and though I have traveled the world over I have never met a finer set of gentlemen than these boys of his. There are about a hundred of them at the present time, housed in five English-type cottages, with "house mothers" as well as

In Starr's boyhood this lake was his "swimmin' hole." Nowadays it's the Commonwealth's, and here are a few happy young citizens taking a dip in it.

MOTHER: My baby has a terrible croupy cold. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, just rub on Children's Musterole. It's a "counter-irritant," and the surest thing I know.

MOTHER: What do you mean by "counter-irritant?"

DRUGGIST: It's something that penetrates, goes right to the seat of congestion and breaks a cold in no time.

MOTHERS!

Watch that cold in children!

● Children's colds can bring on serious illness. At the slightest sign of a cold, rub on Children's Musterole, once every hour for 5 hours. This pure white ointment is just good old Musterole in milder form. Used for 20 years by millions, recommended by doctors and nurses—Musterole is a famous blend of mustard, menthol, camphor and other valuable ingredients. It gets action and results because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant." It penetrates, stimulates blood circulation, breaks congestion, draws out pain and infection—pleasant and convenient to use on babies and small children. Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults, and milder Children's Musterole for little folks. All druggists'.

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

"Uncle Floyd" to look after them. In age they range from six to eighteen; and from what I can see, they have in common a loyalty and worship of their savior that is beautiful. As one kid summed it up:

"George Washington was great, so was Lincoln; but I think Uncle Floyd has it all over 'em. If he was ever President—oh, boy!"

Nobody would laugh harder at that tribute than Starr himself, for he has a keen sense of humor, which cannot always be said of reformers (and how he hates that word applied to him!). But let us sit down with him in front of his overhung fireplace in the huge Commonwealth drawing-room and get him to chat about his experiences in this laboratory of life that he has founded and conducts at Albion, Michigan.

Before us sits a quiet, graying man who grows more distinguished-looking and compelling in personality the longer you see and listen to him. The setting is perfect for him. This drawing-room was given the Commonwealth by a lady of sympathetic insight and social prominence. Hung on the walls are priceless paintings, some of the work of America's greatest artists, which have been donated by them to the place.

"These canvases are not for me," he will tell you, if you ask about them. "They're for the boys. And they like to talk about them, too. You'd be surprised to hear an urchin who had never seen anything better than a lithographed calendar discuss some point of color or composition."

But we want him to talk about some of his most dramatic, or seemingly hopeless, cases, and how he dealt with them, and we'd like to meet the subjects in the flesh, too. Sometimes he will send for a boy, or point him out; and then his stories have illustrations that are intensely interesting. To be told about a lad who had all the indications and proclivities of a gunman, and had gone so far as a holdup, and then find him a polite little fellow who loves to tell you what he knows about bees and birds, is a spiritual thrill.

"I THINK the toughest kid I ever got," says Floyd Starr, staring into the fire, "was Jenkins. Maybe you would have called him a sadistic pyromaniac. He was eleven when he fell into my hands. I didn't think he was a devil, even if he had destroyed a farm with the fury of a Tamerlane.

"The details are quite awful. Little Jenkins went into the barn on the place, deliberately took a long whip he found there, and lashed the tethered horses until the poor frenzied beasts jumped into their mangers, their bodies caught in helpless, painful positions. Then he cut the harnesses into bits. Rushing into the cowpen, the boy beat the cows until they straddled the fences.

"Imagine an eleven-year-old doing that! But worse was to come. He siphoned gas from an old car, poured it about the farm buildings and on the orchard trees, and set them afire! And in the watering trough he dumped Paris green.

"Of course the community was aghast, and no punishment was thought too harsh for the budding Caligula. But I got him, and had a long confidential talk with him.

"I came to the conclusion that the root of his trouble was simply an overwhelming desire to be noticed—what the psychologists now call inferiority complex. I decided to try him out with special praise for work accomplished on his part. He was shown how all the boys had tasks assigned them in which they took great pride, and he was given the job of scrubbing down the stairs in his cottage.

"But the very first day his house mother came to me and complained that the new boy had maliciously made the stairs into a mud slide. She was pretty mad. But I begged her to say nothing and completely ignore the deliberate defiance. I could see that she wondered what folly I was up to. However, she consented to silence with a shrug.

"AS a matter of fact I didn't know what I was going to do, myself. But the next day, while Jenkins was in school, I had an inspiration and went over to his cottage and scrubbed the steps. After he had walked up them that day, school out, I dropped in and exclaimed on their cleanliness, gathering the boys around me to hear my laudation.

"Jenkins heard me, too. He came downstairs with a puzzled look on his face. I proclaimed that we had never had a new boy who caught on so quickly or did such first-rate work on his first assignment. And the crowd echoed me. I don't believe Jenkins knew what to make of it all exactly, but the public attention pleased him to the core.

"Having a reputation to live up to, his work improved gradually, and in a short time he became prouder of his high standing among the boys than of any notoriety a shocking action could bring him. My little stratagem was successful. Eventually he discovered how I had helped him, but it did not affect his conduct. Since he has been returned to his own community I have heard no ill report of him, and I think his 'devil' has been permanently banished."

Besides the personal influence of Starr on this perverse Jenkins youngster, I imagine the self-government and discipline of the boys themselves helped to straighten him out. For each of the five cottages that comprise the Commonwealth has its own mentors and trial court. A popular vote of censure is usually sufficient punishment for a boy who is "in wrong" on any score. If it fails, deprivation of liberties is provided and enforced. A system of merits and demerits is kept, and opportunity in athletic programs and desirable off-the-campus activities go to those with the highest records.

Unless you have observed it, you might not realize how strong the sense of justice and fair play is in the average boy. You see it here at Albion, where boys—so-called bad boys—are put on their honor. Why, the whole Commonwealth feels disgraced if one of its "citizens" absents himself without leave or invades the tempting orchard of a neighboring farmer. Sentence upon him is always swift and often too hard. Starr, as judge of appeal from the boys' courts, is frequently forced to recommend clemency.

There is one sort of punishment that their leader will not permit, and that is "kitchen police." It is rather a key to Starr's character that he won't allow any kind of stigma to attach itself to honest labor. To his boys, peeling potatoes and washing dishes are on par with driving a farm truck or building a hut. But he is talking again as the fire on the big hearth sends out a miniature rocket.

"I must tell you of the 'Baby Bandits,'" he says. "Did you ever hear of them? No? Well, one of the northern counties of Michigan had a succession of baffling thefts and housebreakings. Cars were stolen; tills robbed; shop fronts smashed. Many mysterious fires were started.

"The climax of terror for the county seat was reached one night when the Methodist church and the lumber yard burned, while a store was robbed at the point of a revolver by two tiny thugs—midget holdup men!

"LATE that evening a restaurant man phoned the police to come to his store and investigate two strange gnomes that were sitting at his counter ordering everything on the menu, 'specially watermelon.' Challenged to pay a bill that exceeded their pocketbooks in the estimation of the restaurateur, they had hauled out of their ragged overalls the sum of fourteen dollars.

"When the police arrived they discovered that the gnomes were Jean and Jacques, aged seven and five respectively, and both undersized to boot.

"'What! These kids scare the whole county out of its wits?' exclaimed the astonished officers.

"But such was the case. The youngsters admitted their incredible deeds, and on their being searched a choice collection of automobile keys and stolen firearms was found. Questioned, they said they robbed to get good eats, particularly watermelon, and because it was fun to see big men shake and shiver at the point of a gun.

"But why had they set places on fire?

"'Because,' said Jean, the older boy, 'my little brother likes to see the fire wagons!'"

Starr tells how these Baby Bandits passed his I. Q. test for entrance to the Commonwealth with startlingly high percentage. Starr subjects every entrant to a rigid mental test, by the way, and also to a test for freedom from venereal infection.

Make This Test Tonight!
Eat what you like at your evening meal and drink your favorite coffee—real coffee. After your meal or at bedtime, munch three or four Tums. See how Tums prevent and relieve that fussy stomach — acid indigestion —and allow you a night of refreshing sleep.

What! Sleepless Nights Caused by "Fussy Stomach"?

MANY people do not realize that sleepless nights are most frequently caused by acid indigestion—"fussy stomach." Often you yourself are not aware of this condition because no direct pain is felt. But excess acid in the stomach means that pressure on vital organs, gassy fullness and uneasiness torment the nerves, keeping you awake and restless. Very often after you go to sleep your rest is marred by dreaming, tossing and fitful awakenings. But there is now a quick, pleasant way to prevent and overcome these obstacles to sleep—a way that is non-fattening, too. Just eat three or four Tums!

Tums—the delightful new antacid mint—counteracts acid, dispels gas. You will be surprised how much better you sleep by eating them after your evening meal or just before retiring. If you are like many other people you will find you can drink real coffee and sleep like a log. Of course if the neighbor's radio or cat keeps you awake, you can't expect Tums to overcome your difficulty.

You really can't appreciate how quickly Tums relieve acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach and gas until you *try* them yourself. Eat three or four Tums just like candy—after meals—or whenever "fussy stomach" distresses you. They come in rolls, handy and convenient to carry in pocket or purse. And what a discovery to find that you can eat the foods you enjoy most, smoke as much as you like, drink coffee and tea without these unpleasant results. Get a roll of Tums at any drug store today—only 10 cents.

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You can now eat a real meal without suffering with *Acid Indigestion, Heartburn, Gas.* Just munch a few "TUMS"—Quick, Sure relief — only 10 cents.

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MEN and women can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. We show you how, and our employment service provides work. Send for free booklet. The MENHENITT COMPANY, Ltd. 214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Canada

Though Jean and Jacques were the offspring of an amorphous family which had been increased by a baby born of a fourteen-year-old sister and by an older brother, these seeming incorrigibles proved to possess potentialities for good, even brilliant, citizenship, and they are now growing into splendid humans.

"How did you treat them?" I asked.

"Just the opposite of the way I treated Jenkins. They tended, naturally, to attract too much attention from their fellows and our visitors without half trying, so I gave them little or no opportunity for it."

"Do you come across much degeneracy such as you found in the family of Jean and Jacques?"

"You'd be surprised sometimes," he said thoughtfully. "Last spring, for instance, I heard of a boy who was supposed to be living under unspeakable conditions. Usually the law finds me my subjects; but this time I went exploring for myself. I found the poor boy in a big house that was literally falling to pieces.

"Two men—brothers—a woman, and several children ate, drank, cooked, and slept in one miserable room. The woman had been alternately married to both men and the paternity of the children was hazy.

"On a pile of leaves which was the family bed lay a boy of fourteen, ill of fever. I had him taken to the Commonwealth. Would you believe it?—he didn't know what a bath was, he had never slept in a real bed, and a knife and fork were new implements to him. Like an animal, he ate ravenously with his fingers. Need I speak of his dirt-caked body and the vermin?

"Once he was thoroughly cleaned and clothed, and had recovered from his fever, this animal-like boy took to school like a duck to water, and in a few weeks he had won good marks from his teacher. He now promises to be one of our best scholars and citizens."

NOT all of Starr's delinquents are children of the poor. Some come from respectable middle-class people and the rich. But his long experience proves overwhelmingly that poverty is the greatest breeder of crime.

Next to poverty he would put trouble between parents, separation and divorce. Less than one per cent of his cases are outside of these categories.

By and large, Starr's opinion of boys is high, but parents in general take low rank in his estimation.

"It's a perpetual wonder, with parents what they are as a rule, that any children stay out of jail!" he says. "Of course the cases I have cited are extreme; but, really, the selfishness, the lack of sympathy, and the indolence of the common run of mothers and fathers are scandalous. A surprising proportion of them are physically cruel, which is very bad; but still more harmful parents, I think, are those who, satisfying neurotic instincts, smother their children to death with what they call love.

"But I am not ready to subscribe to the Russian theory that children can be brought up best by the state. Home is *the* place for the child. What is needed is a national campaign for the training of parents, and I'd like nothing better than to engage in it. But here in our Commonwealth, where I try to create the conditions of an ideal home, I'm too busy feeding, clothing, and educating a hundred boys.

"Some day I hope to see a crusader in good parenthood arise who will inspire men and women to realize their tremendous responsibility and opportunity in becoming mothers and fathers. For I believe that serious, scientific parenthood could eliminate crime from America in one generation. That may sound like a stiff and undiluted dose of optimism, but my personal experience with more than four hundred 'bad boys' rather warrants it.

"AND we need a great crusader in education, too, and our best brains in the teaching profession. Often it is the schoolmarm rather than the parent who makes a boy go wrong—especially a brilliant boy. But I don't blame the schoolmarm as much as I do the system. After all, we hire a person willing to work for one of the lowest wages in the pay scale and give her one of the biggest jobs in the world—educating youth. What can we expect?"

The Starr Commonwealth for Boys is an experimental school. Standardization has little room there. Each boy is studied as an individual first. He must be understood before anything is done with him. He must be loved and praised toward stalwart, sterling manhood. Positive, never negative, treatment for body, mind, and soul. Simple enough to say, but very difficult to do.

Much of his success, Starr will tell you, is due to his devoted helpers. His house mothers in the five cottages work round the clock almost, and his teaching staff have problems that are eternally knotty. But all of them depend on Uncle Floyd for help and solution in difficulties.

From the time he was a small boy himself, Floyd Starr had an ambition to help other boys. It seemed a strange idea for a youngster to nurse. Nevertheless, his mother, whose strength of character has been inherited by her son, encouraged him. An honor student in college, he attracted the attention of Bernarr Macfadden, who selected him as a junior associate in one of the early tours of the nation made by that physical culture pioneer. When Starr told him of his purpose in life, Mr. Macfadden proved to be most sympathetic not only in words but in salary, so that the young enthusiast could save enough money in a few years to begin on his work of man-making. Starr also gained much from Macfadden in methods of organization and management, and followed his mentor in vegetarian-diet ideals. At present in his Commonwealth a vegetable regimen is in effect, with the noteworthy exception of the Thanksgiving turkey. Furthermore, Starr claims that experiments made by him with meat diet demonstrated that disciplinary cases greatly increased among the boys when so fed.

Launched on his life work, Floyd Starr began with a few incorrigibles in a farm cottage. Later he put his small inheritance into his growing Commonwealth. Public attention gradually turned his way. Sums of money were given him for new cottages and their upkeep. Contributions came from private individuals, for the most part. Some of the counties in Michigan now voluntarily vote him appropriations.

But expenses have a way of running ahead of resources, and Floyd Starr and his office staff are forever chasing the elusive dollar.

Once this idealistic man-maker had a vision of a Commonwealth for Boys in every county of every state in the Union. What a glorious dream! Now, however, he is beginning to admit sadly that one institution of the kind is about all that an individual can build in a lifetime. But if America only had enough Floyd Starrs to do it, we would settle our gangster problem and save millions of dollars on our enormous annual crime bill.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Move Over

MADELEINE, three, on a visit, was forced to sleep with her mother. Being used to sleeping alone, she was restless, and tossed and turned.

Finally she nudged her mother and said: "Mother, wake up! You're too next to me."—T. J. McInerney, 422 East 142d Street, New York City, N. Y.

Just Foolin'

ALICE maintained that she never sucked her thumb except when she was asleep. One night I slipped into her room, turned on the light, and discovered her, wide awake, with her thumb in her mouth.

"But, mama," she explained, "my thumb thought my eyes were closed."—Mrs. S. Bloch, 2906 Angeles Street, Tampa, Florida.

You *can't* be

FAT

and still be beautiful!

IT'S the *spotty* fat that kills good looks. Perhaps you have a sylph like figure—but a double chin. Or a face like an angel—but fat ankles. No wonder he won't pop the question! Yet there *are* ways to trim off flesh where it most needs trimming. And the Liberty reducing book tells you how.

1 Do hips protrude? Does your waist line bulge? The lady at the left shows how to slenderize the middle. Trunk torsion is one exercise from the Reducing Book.

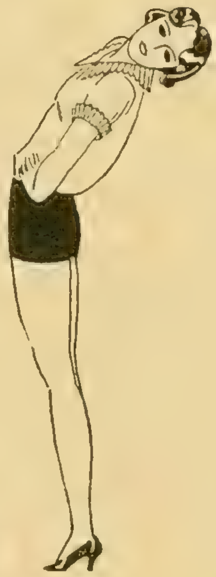
2 If bust, arms and shoulders need attention, this exercise does the trick. Pulls shoulders back, develops the chest, helps to fill in the neck hollows.

3 You'll be as supple as a willow if you do this abdomen-shrinker five times a morning.

4 For bringing the "chins" down to "chin"! Since double chins are woman's greatest curse, this exercise is indeed a boon to beauty.

5 Slender legs, firm thighs, and trim ankles result from this easy-to-follow exercise. Like all the others, it's based on scientific knowledge of fat and its elimination.

The Liberty Reducing Book contains weight tables, calory charts, reducing diets, as well as illustrated exercises. It's sane, sensible, and brings results! Only 10¢—stamps or coin. Send for it today!



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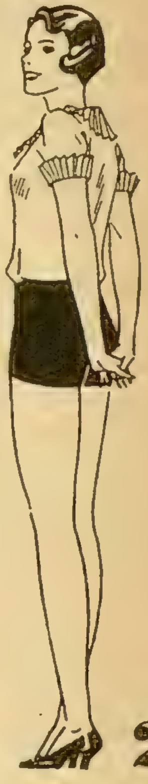

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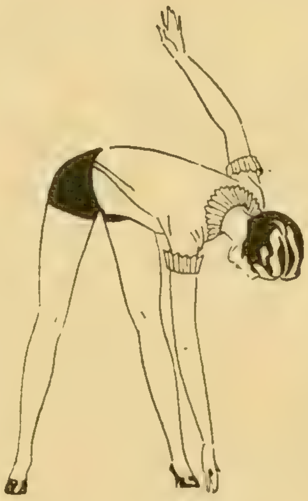

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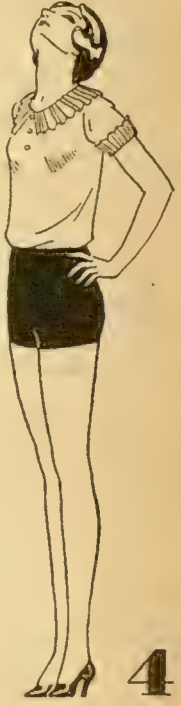

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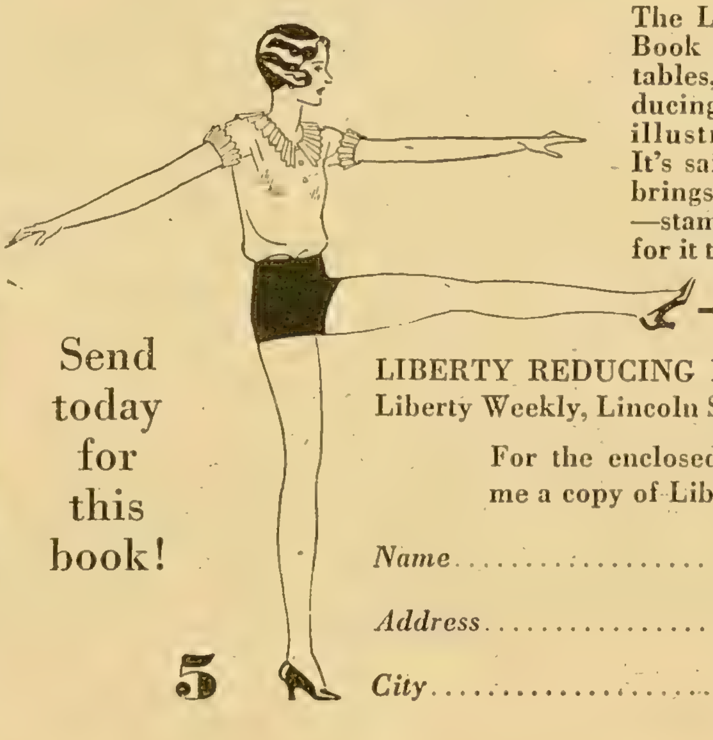

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Send today for this book!

LIBERTY REDUCING BOOK,
Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed ten cents, please send me a copy of Liberty's "Reducing Book."

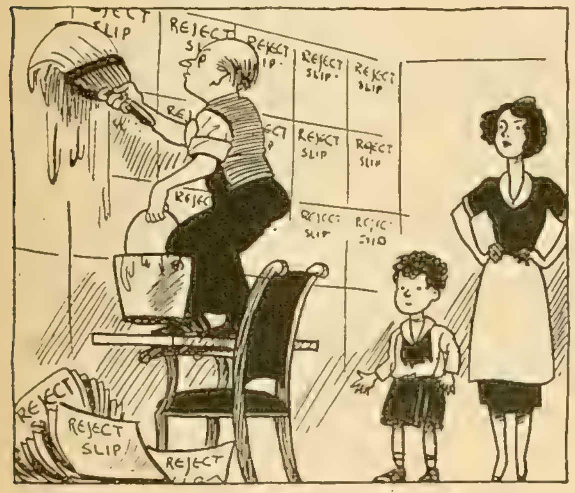
Name...

Address...

City........................ *State*............ 2-4-33

Cheer Up! Your Luck May Change One of These Days

Shamokin, Pa.—I have just finished another short short story. Kindly send me a rejection slip. That will total 198,462,332 slips. My wife wants her bedroom papered, grandma thinks they're coupons, baby thinks they're money, and I think they're a lot of hokum—but you know this depression.



I could use them to make a fire in the furnace, but then I think them too valuable for that. Maybe I could get a rebate if I sent them back. Or perhaps I should keep them. Maybe the U. S. currency will change!—*M. P.*

Somebody Must Have Been Reading Our Mail Again

Ottawa, Ont.—Our Texas friend E. Sherrod of Cuero, in Vox Pop of January 7, certainly hit the nail on the head, or in plainer words his letter met with our approval. That is, my friends' and my own. H. I. Phillips' article, I Seem to Remember the Name, But— puzzled us.

Why do you always print certain letters which are written to you, when I know for a fact that those *not printed* are very obviously the ones having all the earmarks of intelligence? Is it to furnish amusement to your devoted readers, or because you are paid for doing so? An unprejudiced Liberty fan. —*Alys Farnsworth.*

A Note of Approval from Over the Seas

Burlington Highgate, London, Eng. —I was a constant reader of your magazine for some years in America. Good magazines are welcome in my home. I have read every Liberty that has been published for the past six years and I find that, regardless of the cost, it has really no equal. All your American ways interest me very much.—*B. Edwards.*

The Wet and Dry Class Will Now Come to Order

Chicago, Ill.—As your articles in favor of prohibition are so enlightening, I would like to help the cause. Just suppose saloons do come back.

A guy with a buck in his jeans could get snozzled for two bits and stagger home with the proceeds to his hungry family. But when he goes into a speakeasy (and any blind man knows there are millions of them—in fact, that's how lots of blind men got that way)—well, why comment? Also where would our débutantes get their liquor if it wasn't for the speaks?—not to mention the school kids, because the saloons wouldn't sell 'em. The situation would be appalling.

Another side is the financial. But why be so mundane? What consideration should be shown the taxpayers of this country, anyhow? Think what an achievement it was to pass a law and have everybody stop drinking overnight theoretically. But let's not mention the practical side.—*John Hayes.*

Everett, Wash.—Complimenting you on your splendid magazine, Liberty, will say that I have not missed a number since its publication.

In commenting on your editorial advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in the issue of November 12, Mr. B. Bercovich, writing in Vox Pop, expresses the correct view. Judging from his picture, Mr. Bercovich is a true American, as his perfect features have all the earmarks of a splendid type of manhood.—*O. G. E. Green.*

South English, Iowa—I read in Vox Pop in the issue of Liberty for December 31 the article by B. Bercovich in favor of a low tax on beers and wines so that the poor man can buy it.

Surely he does not realize how the poor man's conditions are. How can the poor man, who cannot keep his family on what he earns now, afford to buy beer? Doesn't he remember or hasn't he heard others tell about the days when beers and wines flowed free?

Perhaps he believes that those buying will not get intoxicated. They will! All they have to do is to buy a few bottles. Murders are committed by those intoxicated that otherwise would not have been done. Surely every reader who really knows what the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment means will agree with me.—*Maxine Trusler.*

The Prize First Stories

New Kensington, Pa.—When I read your first Prize Story I remarked: "Well, if this takes first prize, the others won't be worth reading." However, I have read all the Prize First Stories, and I'm glad I did. I have discovered that there are some aspiring writers who really know how to hold a reader's interest.—*Mrs. David L. Echard.*

A Little Huzza from the Dear Old Bronx

Bronx, N. Y. C.—You know I get real enjoyment out of your good stories, but your lousy stories—you have them too, and plenty. But the worst so far was They Went Up Euclid Avenue in the December 17 issue. The story of a wooing on wheels tells me nothing, not because I sell old cars, but because the author ought to try out the idea and practice her knowledge of cars—or better, perhaps, get some.

The story's rusty, the wooing's the bunk, a babe could do better. A Prize First Story my eye! How can you expect a dame to write about love—and, ye gods, above all, about the works and tender symptoms of the insides of a gas pusher?

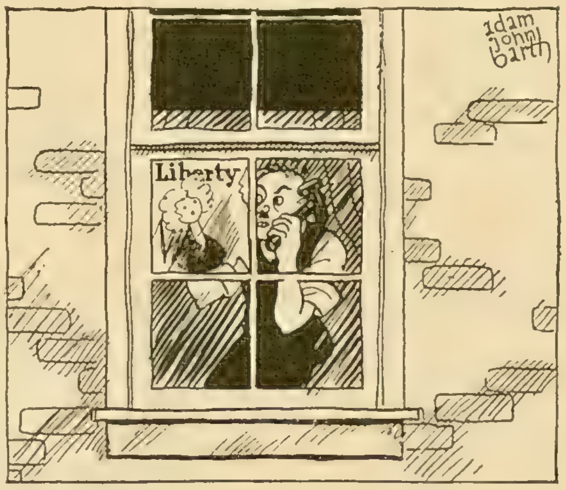
Franklin H. Bullock

From a fellow that specializes in women and secondhand cars. Send the author around for a few lessons.—*Franklin H. Bullock.*

It Seems that They Grow Something Besides Corn Out There in Iowa

Sioux City, Iowa—Fellow I know lost his job not long ago. Big family on his hands. Couldn't pay high rent; was forced to rent cheap house on an unpaved, muddy street. One day kids broke out front window. The dad couldn't afford to buy new glass: took copy of Liberty and tacked it over the opening from which glass had been broken.

Bunch of radicals came along, saw Liberty in window. With a wild howl of rage, one of them picked up clod of frozen earth and hurled it at Liberty. It was a bull's-eye. Liberty and clod lay on floor of room. Dad hurriedly picked up clod, and was about to hurl it back at fleeing radicals when something sticking in the edge of the clod caused him to stop and to examine it. It was a silver dollar! And they say Liberty is good for nothing.—*J. W. Voils.*



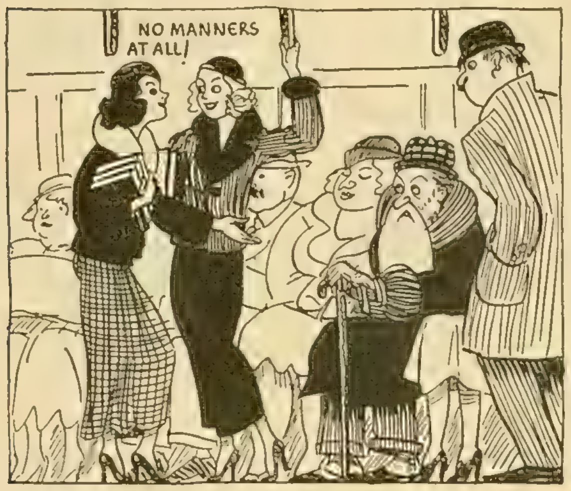
POP

adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

This Little Note Is for Ladies Only

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have been reading Liberty since the first issue appeared and like it very much, but here comes my first explosion.

In the December 10 issue Princess Alexandra Kropotkin writes: "She was a woman, he a man. He had to settle, and it cost him $20,000 in twelve months. (Notice to bachelors: You can have a lot of wife trouble for $20,000.)" Right you are, Princess!


NO MANNERS AT ALL!

Women generally get away with an enormous amount of fraud, selfishness, vanity, and what have you. Why, I have heard a young sixteen-year-old high-school girl make slurring remarks to her schoolmate because an old white-haired grandfather with a cane would not get up and offer his seat on the street car to her royal American majesty Miss High School! That certainly was the height of—something.

Personally I would rather lose five or six thousand dollars a year on breach-of-promise suits than to spend the same amount on wife trouble.—*R. R. Dixon.*

Our New Movie Critic

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Never heard of this Rob Wagner before, but if all his reviews are as good as his first one I'll start buying Liberty once a week instead of my usual inclination of once a year just to get the calendar.

Once in a while I pick up a Liberty free gratis from a hotel table and read the reviews. Anyhow, from first appearances this fellow Wagner seems to be a regular fellow who wouldn't give a Garbo picture four stars just because Greta played in it.—*A Scotchman.*

They Raise 'Em Rough and Tough in Texas

AUSTIN, TEX.—My name is Dan Gann, merely a student of the University of Texas, and disgusted with a few things that have been going on. Of course I don't pretend to be one of the wise, yet. But this older generation, the ones that have been broadcasting how we, the younger generation, are going to the dogs, have been making a mess out of things that is going to demand a smart man to clean up.

This spasm was brought on by Jay Franklin's article, Europe Thinks We've Hit the Skids, in Liberty of December 31. What he says is true.

For several years now, these big shots and big shoots have been telling us that what America needs is a good five-cent cigar, a good laugh, or beer.

Let *me* offer a remedy of my own.

What America needs is a swift kick in the pants, rat poison in our congressmen's mineral water, and then a period of prosperity—so the older cusses still living could lend it to our Kingfish pals across the oceans.—*Dan Gann.*

One Way to Get Published

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am what is referred to in story books and the movies as a struggling young author. I have a collection of rejection slips which, if placed end to end, would reach from here to Plutarch and back, with enough left over to wring the tears from the heart of even the most hard-boiled editor.

J. Lloyd Conrich

One of the greatest sources of courage that I have as yet found is your magazine. Every time I finish reading one of your stories, I feel that much more convinced that I can write.—*J. Lloyd Conrich.*

The Bank Editorial

KANSAS CITY, MO.—With heartiest commendation I have just read your editorial on the need of a guaranty for bank depositors in Liberty of December 31. But why stop there?

If ever there was a strictly government function, it is that of issuing and handling its own money in its own banks everywhere. The one step at a time, in view of present intrenched power, is doubtless good policy; but mass intelligence will some day rise sufficiently to end the idiocy of farming out a people's money to private interests for private profit.—*H. B. Buddenborg.*

Those Attention Callers

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—My attention has been called to a letter under Vox Pop of December 17 signed Ex-Leatherneck. The scathing remark made toward officers of the army and navy by an alleged "ex-leatherneck" leads me to believe that he is one of those few misfits eliminated either by a general court-martial or by reason of a bad-conduct discharge. A real marine has no such ideas.—*B. W. Atkinson, First Lieutenant, U. S. Marines.*

Who Said Those Cross Word Puzzles Are Hard?

VANDERCOOK LAKE, MICH.—We may be hard up like the rest, but I'm thankful we still have a nickel for Liberty every week.

There's only one thing wrong with Liberty—it doesn't come often enough. It's perfect from cover to cover. So I start at the beginning and read to the end.

Mrs. Edna Mitchell

Honest-to-goodness stories and, believe it or not, I can even work the cross word puzzles and get them correct—sometimes.

Don't let pessimists bother, because we're for you one hundred per cent.—*Mrs. Edna Mitchell.*

About Our Articles

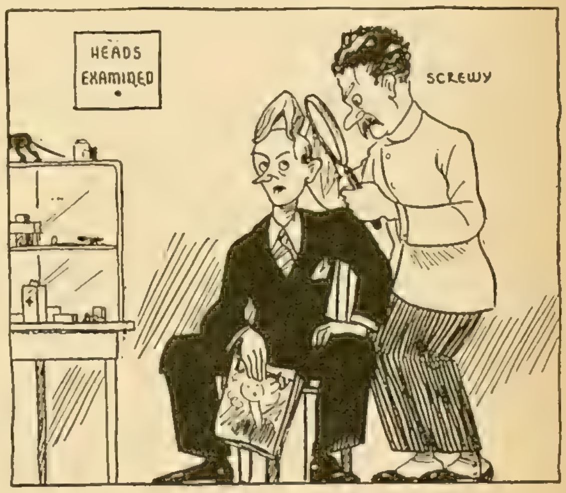
OAK PARK, ILL.—As a reader of Liberty I feel elated that such eminent men as General Robert Lee Bullard and Colonel E. M. House should take time to instruct us and show us our duty to our country. We are indeed glad to hear from these men again and again. It is only from those that have succeeded can we ever hope to find the true road to success and rebuild that which has been torn down.—*Carl C. Marshall.*

You Mean His Head

BERLIN, CONN.—We were dining with some friends one evening last week when the discussion of magazines was the topic. I asked my host if he had ever read Liberty. He replied he had not—never heard of the darn' thing.

I told him he was lucky; I had been reading it for the past three years, and when I bring it home I have to hide it from the family or I wouldn't see it for three weeks.

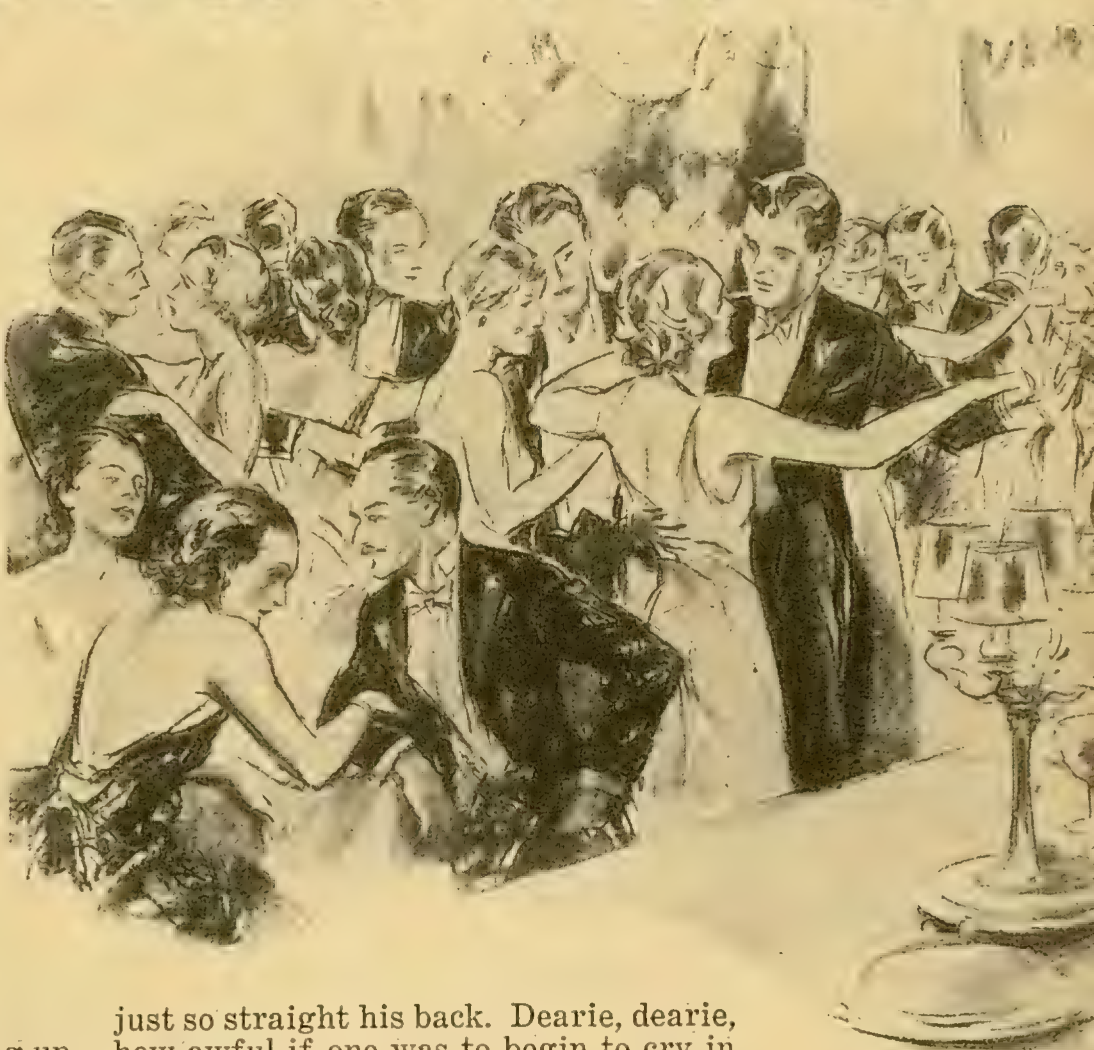
Received a post card from my friend stating he had purchased his first Liberty, and said if I had been reading it three years I ought to have my head examined.—*Arthur H. Bushnell.*



Last Season's

The Story of a Girl Who Looked Back On One Triumph and Forward at Another

By
DOROTHY BLACK



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MARJORY wore her smile determinedly, looking up at Dan, although it was horribly obvious that Dan was not looking back at her; was, this evening, not even particularly interested in her, although he gave her from time to time that little squeeze that was part of his technique when dancing. Dan's blue eyes were roving around the room, looking for Rose, and Marjory knew they were.

It had been lovely until Rose came along, her photograph listed in the papers among This Season's Débutantes, her hair so golden, her eyes so bright, enjoying everything so frightfully.

"I suppose I was like that last year," thought Marjory, and wanted what nobody can ever have—last year over again. The papers weren't very interested in her photograph any more, though, to be sure, she still came across them occasionally, tucked away in a corner, above those trenchant words:

"One of Last Season's Débutantes."

And Aunt Caroline never failed to draw attention to it with a sniff.

"Well, my dear. You've had your chance. A far better chance than most girls. I thought you and Dan were going to fix things up, but somehow or other you seem to have made a mess of things. It's not my fault if you are a failure."

Marjory shivered. Dan said:

"Cold?"

"No. A goose walking over my grave, I expect."

"Let me get at him. I'll wring his neck."

He gave her the perfunctory little squeeze that was part of his technique when dancing. But he was not thinking of her. He did not care. And he was so beautiful, Dannie with his black hair, his laughing blue eyes, his funny ways. "Woman," he had a way of calling you, and it sounded so quaint. "What's come over you, woman?" She loved him so much that there had been a cry and an ache in her throat behind every laugh for almost a year. Dannie looked marvelous in uniform, dancing there in the Embassy. He would wear it when he stood at the altar beside Rose. Just so wide his shoulders would look, and just so straight his back. Dearie, dearie, how awful if one was to begin to cry in the Embassy.

Dan said rapturously, "Doesn't Rose look sweet tonight?" She was just passing them, dancing in somebody else's arms, but smiling at Dannie with that wide, wondering little-girl look of hers. Rose was sweet. Marjory would have liked to hate her, but couldn't. She could only envy her.

"Rose is a dear," she said softly. The dance died away in a finale of poignant discords, and they returned to their table. Dan went off to dance with Rose. Two and two the others departed. Marjory found herself left at the table with a man whose name she hadn't caught.

He was quite old, with a few gray hairs. He moved over and sat beside her. He was tall and thin, and had, she noticed, nice hands. His face was tanned almost brown, which made his teeth, when he smiled, look whiter than most people's teeth.

"I shall not ask you to dance," he said, "because that would be cruelty to children."

"Don't they dance much at home?" she asked idly.

"Oh, lots. They take off all their clothes, and paint themselves up a bit with red and yellow, and really get down to it. No half measures among my folk. A dance, once started, goes on for several days."

She discovered he appeared younger when he smiled. He had rather a nice face, and there was something about him which for a moment she could not quite put a name to. Then she guessed it.

"You come from abroad."

He nodded.

"My stance has been for many years in the Naga Hills," he said. "That's up on the frontier, between Burma and China."

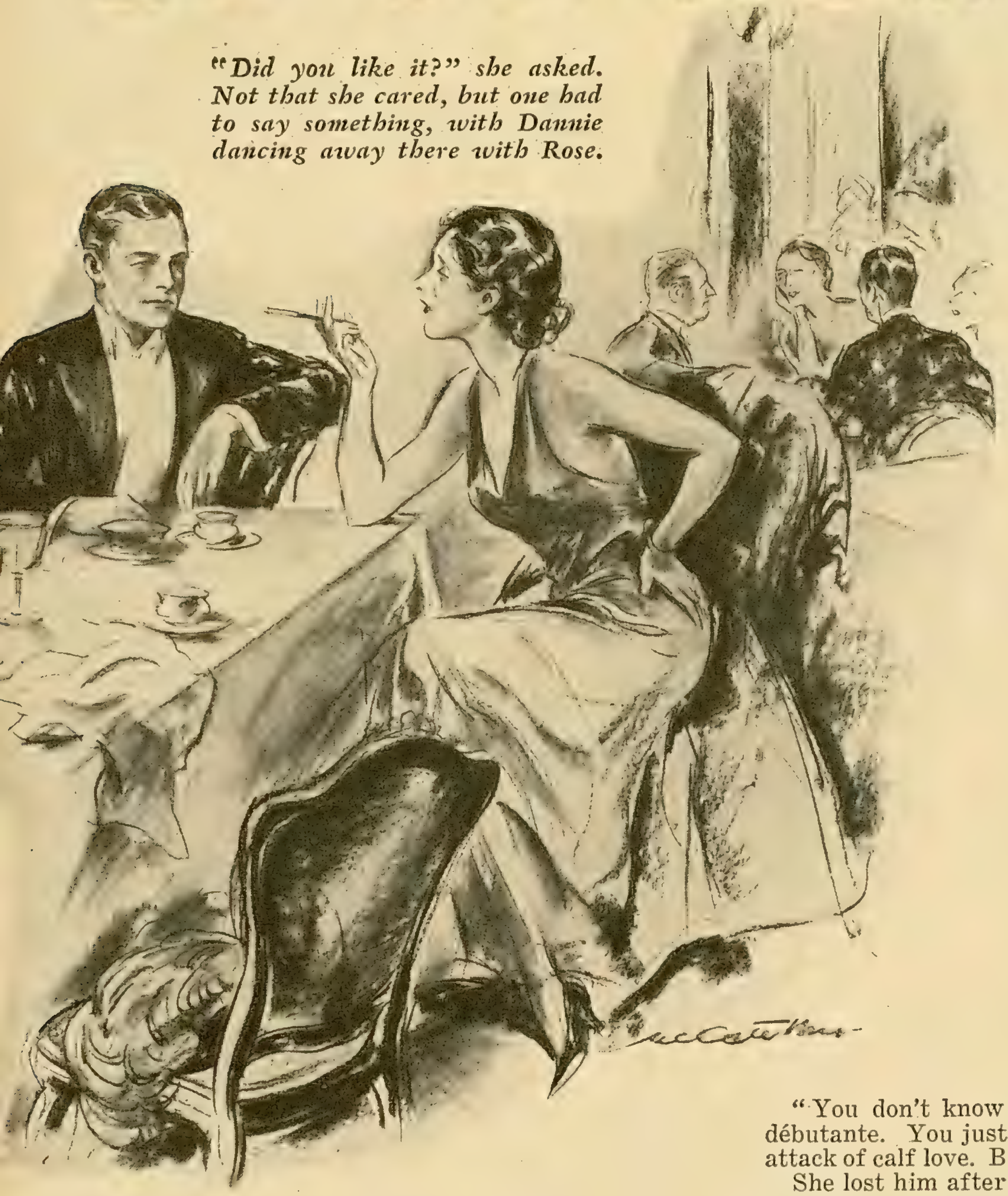
"Did you like it?" she asked. Not that she cared, but one had to say something, with Dannie dancing away there with Rose, smiling into her blue eyes.

"It's life," he said. "This isn't life, you know. You only think it is." And he smiled at her.

"Tell me about it," she said, because it is notorious that all men want is to talk about themselves, and if you

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy

Debutante



"Did you like it?" she asked. Not that she cared, but one had to say something, with Dannie dancing away there with Rose.

are to be a social success you have to let them. Not that she listened to him particularly. She was watching Dannie.

"But you aren't really interested, you know," she heard him saying, and she turned to him with the correct and ready lie, which he disregarded. "Tell me something about yourself for a change."

"Oh," she said, "there isn't much to tell about me." She laughed, but Dannie went by at that moment, whispering in Rose's little ear, and the laugh died. Suddenly, before she realized what was happening, before she could do anything about it, the cork was out.

"Does it really interest you? Well, I am one of last season's débutantes, that great army who try to keep on smiling and pretend it doesn't matter. My people made a frightful effort to give me this season. We aren't rich. We live in the country. I think, now, it was really a mistake. I would have been much better just going on—in the country. But I was taken around by an aunt. Never be taken around by an aunt if you don't have to."

"Thanks for the hint. I won't. Go on."

"That's just the trouble. That was what I thought. But there isn't anything to go on to. I have had a wonderful year, but now it has come to an end, and my aunt says, 'If you are a failure, dear, you can't blame me, you know. You've had your chance.'" Her eyes, the color of a Highland river on those days when the sun is not shining, filled with tears as she looked away from him, looked so transparently at Dannie, dancing with Rose. "The man I love loves somebody else," she said. "But don't tell anybody, will you?"

"No—er—"

"Marjory," she said, "will do well enough."

"THANK you, Marjory. And I suppose the sunshine has all gone out of your life."

"If I had known you were likely to make fun of me—er—"

"Harold," he said, "will suffice."

"If I had known you were going to make fun of me, Harold, I would not have told you all this."

"I am not making fun of you. I am envying you. It is so beautiful to be young."

She gasped. "Beautiful!"

"Yes; young and full of hope."

"Hope?" she sighed.

"Yes. Hope that the anguish is going to last forever, my dear."

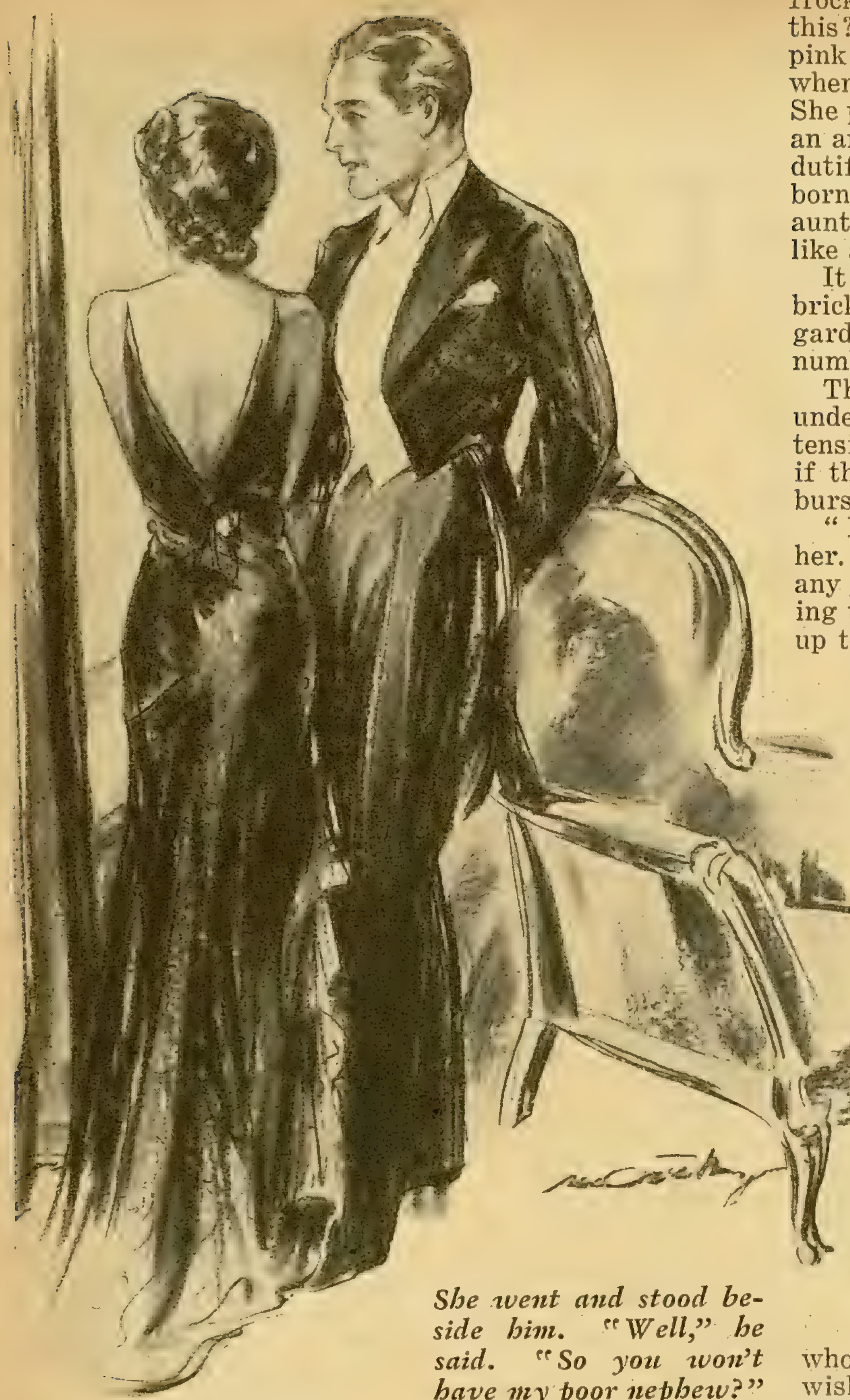
"You don't know what it is like to be last season's débutante. You just think I am a silly little owl, with an attack of calf love. But I'm not. This was the real thing."

She lost him after that, for the dance came to an end, and Dannie claimed her again. She did not even remember to ask his name, because she wanted to find out what Dannie was doing next week. She had made a vow not to ask him to do anything more with her; future invitations must come from him. But nothing came, and the prospect of days without seeing him was too much for her.

"What about a day on the river?" she suggested. "I could take lunch." They had often done it last year, driving down in his green two-seater. Dannie gave her his little squeeze and said, "Sorry, old dear. I've got to go down to the country. An uncle of mine. We'll fix it when I get back."

So that was that. Better just make the best of it and try to forget. She knew he was driving Rose home. She saw them go out together. Probably he was kissing her at this very moment. No good thinking of it. It would just make a thorough hash of you, and you'd get up in the morning looking like the dog's dinner, thought Marjory, savagely dabbing her eyes, as she drove home all alone in her aunt's limousine.

"Well?" Aunt Caroline would ask at breakfast, and



She went and stood beside him. "Well," he said. "So you won't have my poor nephew?"

once again there wouldn't be anything to tell her, and the newspapers would probably say, "Captain Ian Daniell was also there, dancing frequently with Miss Rose Calander, one of this season's débutantes."

Strangely enough, Aunt Caroline was in a sunny mood at breakfast. She never said "Well?" at all.

"Such a nice invitation come for us both. To the country, Hertfordshire. It will be at its best just now. I think it will do you a lot of good to get out of London for a while, for you have not been looking your best lately, Marjory."

Marjory toyed with a banana. It was all the breakfast she could face, with her particular sort of heartache.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"No one you know, dear. A Mr. Cummings. I knew him years ago, and met him again at bridge last week. He says particularly I am to bring you if you'd care to come. I don't suppose you have any other plans?"

She had no other plans. Dannie was going off somewhere, as likely as not with Rose.

"Well, that will be very pleasant," said Aunt Caroline, refueling with kidney and bacon with the cheerful abandon of middle age that does not care.

Marjory almost cried off. There was the chance Dannie would change his plans and ring her, and then, how awful to be away. When it came to the actual packing, she hardly had the heart to do it. A vista of awful emptiness stretched before her. She put in her old black lace frock. What did it matter what one wore on a jaunt like this? thought Marjory. Back into the wardrobe with the pink taffeta. That would be treasured for another day when Dannie, perhaps, would take her dancing once more. She put on her tweed coat, and tweaked her small hat to an angle carelessly, without looking in the glass. Then, dutifully nursing Woodly-woo, the Pekingese, she was borne through the green lanes of Hertfordshire in her aunt's Daimler. She could only hope that she looked less like a walking corpse than she felt.

It was certainly a pleasant house, in old-rose-colored brick, covered with all the right creepers, a paved rose garden and a balustrade running along it, and quite a number of people sitting out under the trees having tea.

The first one Marjory saw was Dannie, a tennis racquet under one arm, talking to a young woman with small pretensions to charm, who certainly wasn't Rose. It was as if the sun, long tarrying behind a cloud, had suddenly burst forth in all its glory. Marjory gave a little gasp.

"I say, this is the goods," said Dannie, coming over to her. "I am so glad you've come too, woman! I hadn't any idea you knew him, Marjory. When it came to leaving town, I came over all homesick, and nearly rang you up to say I wasn't going. I suppose you must have got off with him at that party at the Embassy."

"Got off with whom?" she demanded, all at sea.

"My Uncle Harold."

She turned and saw him, standing some way off, talking to Aunt Caroline, but his eyes were looking across the whole tea party at Marjory, and he smiled at her, his quick white smile. And she knew she was inordinately glad to see him again, although it was all a little difficult, and she grew suddenly pink, remembering the rash things she had told him.

"I SAY, what a stunning little hat that is," said Dannie. "Why have you never worn it before? I've never seen you looking nicer, Marjory."

He was the old Dannie back again, and she looked at him, wondering. What had happened between him and Rose?

"I've worn it dozens of times," she said, aware that she was not paying much attention to Dannie, really. She was looking in the direction of Uncle Harold, who was still holding his apparently endless conversation with Aunt Caroline, who held Woodly-woo under her arm, which Marjory wished she wouldn't, because it was obvious that half the party had already noticed what a likeness there was between them, and were laughing about it.

He came and stood beside her presently.

"Why didn't you tell me you were Dannie's uncle?" she asked.

"I thought Dannie would have done it for me."

"Is this your house?"

"Yes, Marjory. Do you approve?"

"Very much. But I thought you lived in a place where people took off their clothes and covered themselves with blue and yellow painted spots."

"I did. For years. I have just retired. I saved up my pocket money all the time I was out there, and when I saw this house I bought it on sight, without even asking about the drains. I am one of those lucky people who always know what they want. I don't say I always get it."

He offered her a cigarette.

"But I got this house. And now I am furnishing it, bit by bit, and I am going to keep lots of dogs and some horses."

"Won't you be lonely?" she asked, and he looked at her, and smiled, and said, "I hope not."

What was there in that quite ordinary remark that set her heart beating in such an odd fashion? She hadn't any notion, but she knew that his nearness filled her with sensations she had only got before when thinking of Dannie's broad shoulders and straight back in uniform, standing at the altar rail beside Rose.

She went up presently to dress. On her dressing table a tea rose lay, carefully made up into a shoulder spray with a piece of asparagus fern. She stood and stared at it, and knew it wasn't from Dannie.

Meanwhile all around her Aunt Caroline purred.

"Now, isn't it sweet of Dannie to have thought of that? I believe I shall shortly have something to write to your mother after all, darling. Now, if only you play your cards properly. But I can't help feeling you young people have no *savoir-faire* these days. Anyone can see Dannie is head over heels again—and for a while I really thought the whole thing was over. Now, let me impress on you, Marjory—"

Marjory did not listen to her very thoroughly. She was still looking at the shoulder spray.

"Life isn't nearly as simple as one supposed."

Dannie sat next her at dinner.

"What a topping frock! And who gave you that rose? It's exactly right."

"I fancy," she told him gravely, "it was your Uncle Harold."

"Let me get at him. I'll wring his neck."

SHE laughed, but beneath the laughter a little thought raised its head. After all, he hadn't sent her a flower himself. Uncle Harold, from the head of the table all hemmed in with dowagers, was looking at her shoulder, and for one instant their eyes met. Marjory knew she had never been quite so happy before. Not even when she had been this season's débutante had life held quite such glamour. After all her weeks of anguish, here was Dannie back beside her, hers, she knew, for the taking. But the most marvelous part of it was she did not know that she wanted him, and him sitting there saying the nicest things to her all dinner.

They sat out on the terrace after dinner. There were nightingales in the thicket and a little moon. Dannie tried to get her to walk off into the shadows with him, but she would not walk. The lazy voice of Uncle Harold ran on, telling them amusing things about his life in the jungle, his first love, Emma—an elephant. She hardly heard what it was Dannie said to her.

"I'm growing up," she thought. "I'm growing up."

What else could it be, this new power to withstand Dannie, not to care when his blue eyes pleaded with her, not to follow, against her better judgment, wherever he beckoned?

Uncle Harold sat on the balustrade, at the end of his row of guests, strumming on a large guitar-like instrument. He sang, in a pleasant husky voice, queer songs learned in the jungle, with outlandish words. Marjory leaned forward, chin on hand, and watched him.

Queer that she had ever thought him old or uninteresting. She knew now he was the most interesting man she had ever met.

In the half light he looked up suddenly, and his eyes met hers. He changed his tune, and now she knew he was singing for her alone.

"I know a lady sweet and kind.
Was never face so pleased my mind.
I did but see her passing by
And yet I love her, till I die."

Dannie was holding her hand, but it did not seem to matter. That wasn't what made the color burn in her cheeks and her heart beat in her throat. Wasn't this the oddest thing to happen to a girl? Here was Dannie holding her hand and she not caring twopence about that, whereas this time yesterday—

What a world! What a world!

The evening ended in mild bridge, and Dannie trying to kick Marjory under the table, while she skillfully eluded him. When she went up to bed, Uncle Harold bade her good night gravely. But he stood at the bottom of the staircase, looking up after her. And all he did not say she knew. She took the rose off her shoulder, and kissed it, and put it carefully into a glass of water. She would wear it in the morning, and he would know it meant to her more than just any flower.

Aunt Caroline came in.

"Well?"

Marjory turned from her, saying nothing.

"He hasn't proposed yet? Oh, but

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Her Hats are the Last Word
—But she neglects her Teeth
and Gums . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

PEOPLE glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but it may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

Keep gums firm and healthy—and teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your tee will shine brighter, your gums w firmer..."Pink tooth brush" will

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. 73 West St., New York City, for tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent

IPANA

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 29

1—A song sung by sailors at work.
2—From the province of that name in France where it was first produced.
3—A pamphlet; a treatise or article published in such form.
4—They are called does.
5—One hundred and ninety-six.
6—The heroine of Blackmore's novel of the same name.
7—The seed of a tree native of the Molucca Islands, but widely cultivated in the East and West Indies and Brazil.
8—Handel.
9—No; he did not embrace the Christian faith until some time after the Crucifixion.
10—Because it formerly was made by destructive distillation of hartshorn.
11—Bucephalus.
12—A system of child training.
13—A fish closely allied to the trout.
14—Ilium.
15—Robert Browning.
16—The assassin of President McKinley.
17—Wandering.
18—From its crest, which suggests a bunch of pens stuck behind the ear.
19—Chosen.
20—An East Indian shrubby mint yielding a fragrant oil and from which the scent of the same name is made.

Answer to Adex question on page 29—*Good cod-liver oil has been recommended by physicians for years as a general resistance-builder for people under par.*

Squibb
ADEX
Tablets
10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil now in this pleasant-tasting tablet!

Think of the convenience of getting the benefits of cod-liver oil this new way—by taking [illegible] a pleasant, chocolate coated tablet!

[illegible] winters, you may have been like [illegible] people—conscious of your need [illegible] resistance-building value of good cod- [illegible] but unwilling to take it because of [illegible] taste.

[illegible] *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D* overcome [illegible] objection! In agreeable, new form they [illegible] *both* the important factors of cod-liver [illegible] resistance-building Vitamin A and sun- [illegible] Vitamin D.

Start to take Adex tablets *regularly every day*. They will help to keep up your general resistance. Now at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

he's going to. Mr. Cummings as good as told me, and now it appears he has rather engineered the whole thing. I suppose he's heard talk and guessed how the land lay. I may even have mentioned it myself, at lunch. I call it extremely kind of him, taking all this interest, and now I shall be rewarded for all my hard work, and have something to write to your mother at last. Just unhitch my pearls for me, childie, and I'll away to my bed."

When she had gone, Marjory remained standing beside the window. So he knew about her and Dannie, and was just trying to help the good work on, to throw them together. Perhaps all the rest was just in an effort to make Dannie a little jealous. With a shiver she wondered if that was all. There probably wasn't anything more in it than that. How could a man like he was fall in love with a little fool who went to bed with a heartache for one man, and awoke with a heartache for another?

But she knew, with that strange new-found independence that had come to her, it didn't make any difference. She wasn't going to marry Dannie. She thought of his broad shoulders, his straight back in uniform without a qualm, and hoped he would marry Rose, and that they would live happily ever after. It was no concern of hers.

Dannie was just a boy. He didn't know what he wanted any more than she had. He would always be like that, changing his mind and trying this and that.

It was tiresome being thrown so carefully together with Dannie all the week. She was his partner at tennis, he drove her to picnics and back in his little car. That he was going to propose to her was entirely obvious to everyone, and the whole party was keyed up to greet the interesting event with acclamation.

HE did it at last on the Wednesday, all in a hurry on the way back from golf. He produced a ring and slipped it on to her finger, and no one was more taken aback than Dannie when she took it off. He usually got his own way with so little trouble, and never had it entered his head that Marjory wouldn't jump at him.

"Darling, you know I've loved you for ages. I have a confession to make. I did run after Rose for a little while. But, all of a sudden, after I'd seen a lot of her, I knew she was too young. She hadn't anything in her, really. A man wants something more solid than blue eyes and a lot of fair hair and pink tulle to see him through life. I suppose in a sort of way I suddenly grew up. I've always known you and I were cut out for each other."

"Oh, Dannie! That's exactly what's happened to me."

"What?"

"Why, I grew up. First of all it nearly broke my heart when you didn't seem to care any more. And then, all in a minute, I knew a girl wants something more to see her through life than a pair of broad shoulders that look marvelous in uniform, darling. I'm terribly sorry. Because, you see, darling, you wouldn't be in uniform all the time, would you, and don't you see what I'm driving at?"

"You're just being mean to me because I flirted with Rose. Marjory, listen to me."

"I will. But it won't do any good."

AUNT CAROLINE came into her room before dinner.

"What on earth have you done now? Dannie has gone storming off to London, and nearly took the gateposts with him. Really, Marjory—"

"I'm not going to marry him."

"You're not!" Aunt Caroline collapsed on the silk eiderdown, looking punctured. "Did he ask you?"

"Yes. And I said no."

"Well, of all the ingratitude! After all I've done! And what do you suppose Mr. Cummings will have to say to all this? After I told him—"

Marjory said nothing, and looked demure, while her heart danced a jig of joy, for, after all, one knew what Mr. Cummings would think. But what a muddle. What a mess. You broke your heart for Dannie, and then outgrew him; but Dannie, meantime, outgrew Rose, and started breaking his heart for you. But it gave her cold shivers to think how nearly she had missed everything. Why, she might have remained in London, attracted to the telephone as a fly to treacle. An overrated business, this being young. You didn't know enough. You were, said Marjory, like someone trying to get over the Sahara without a map.

She went down early for dinner. Uncle Harold was standing beside a window that looked out on to a bed of lupins. She went and stood beside him.

"Well," he said, and smiled at her, his swift white smile. "So you won't have my poor nephew?"

She whispered, "I grew up."

"I hoped you would," he said quietly. His warm, slender fingers closed round hers. Far off in the thicket an early nightingale began to sing.

THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

STABUS STIGGINS
12 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK CITY
YOU HAD ME GUESSING STIGGIE BUT IVE GOT IT STOP THE COOK IS A MAN
JOE KAVANAGH

You should know the Truth about the cigarettes you smoke

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

A great deal of confusion has been caused by certain representations made in cigarette advertising. A clamor of competitive claims has bewildered the public. We have received hundreds of letters asking us the truth about the conflicting claims of various brands. Because Camel first popularized cigarette smoking, because Camel has sold more billions of cigarettes than any other brand, we were the natural people to write to. And we are the natural people to tell the facts about cigarettes. We have always offered an honest cigarette, honestly advertised.

Turn the page...and read the facts

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

You should know the Truth

1. *Question:* What is the mildest cigarette?

Answer: The fact that a cigarette is insipid and tasteless does not mean that it is mild. The fact that it has been artificially flavored or scented does not mean it is mild. Mildness means that a cigarette is so made that it is gentle and non-irritating *without sacrifice of flavor.* This is almost entirely a question of the quality of the tobaccos and the skill in their blending. Practically all of today's popular cigarettes are manufactured and rolled in much the same way. The difference comes in the tobaccos that are used. While the irritating effects of cheap, raw tobaccos can be removed to some extent by intensive treatment, nothing can take the place of the more expensive, naturally *fine* tobaccos. The *mildest* cigarette is the cigarette that is made of the *best* tobaccos. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

2. *Question:* What cigarette has the best flavor?

Answer: There are just three factors that control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring. The blending of various tobaccos. And the *quality* of the tobaccos themselves. Quality is by far the most important. Cheap, raw, tobacco can be disguised in part by artificial flavoring. *But it can never equal the goodness of mild, ripe, costly tobaccos.* Adding a number of poor things together will not make a good thing. And when you consider that domestic cigarette tobaccos vary in price all the way from 5¢ a pound up to 40¢ a pound, and imported tobaccos from 50¢ to $1.15, the difference in cigarette flavors is readily apparent. Tobacco men long ago learned to choose, for flavor, the cigarette blended from the costlier tobaccos. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

3. *Question:* What cigarette is easiest on the throat?

Answer: The easiest cigarette on your throat is the cigarette that is made from the choicest ripe tobaccos. *Cheap* grades of tobacco are, as you would naturally expect, *harsh* in their effects upon the throat. And there is a peppery dust occurring to some extent in all tobaccos. Finding its way into many cigarettes, this dust has a decidedly *irritating* effect. A special vacuum cleaning process has been developed that removes all trace of dust. The absolute rejection of inferior tobaccos and elimination of this dust represent the highest standards ever attained in cigarette manufacture. The cigarette that is blended from the most expensive tobaccos under these modern conditions is as non-irritating as any smoke can possibly be. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

4. *Question:* What about heat treating?

Answer: This is one of the real superstitions of the tobacco business. All cigarette manufacturers use the heat-treating process. But harsh, raw, inferior tobaccos require considerably more intensive treatment than choice ripe tobaccos. High temperatures conceal, to some extent, the harsh effects of low-cost tobacco, although this parching process may produce a rather flat and lifeless flavor. But neither the heat treatment nor any other treatment can take the place of good tobacco. Heat can never make cheap, inferior tobaccos good. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

5. *Question:* What cigarette is coolest?

Answer: Many myths have been woven around "coolness." The facts are simple: Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, containing as they do 12% moisture, burn more slowly than parched, dry cigarettes. That is why they smoke cooler. This makes the method of wrapping very important. Improperly wrapped cigarettes begin to dry out as soon as packed. They smoke hot and dry. The Humidor Pack, although more expensive, gives protection ordinary cellophane cannot equal. It is made of 3-ply, MOISTURE-PROOF cellophane, tailored snugly to the package, and WELDED into a seamless envelope. Air cannot get in. Freshness cannot get out. The cigarettes are always in prime condition. An illusion of coolness can be achieved by adding certain chemicals to tobacco. But even chemicals cannot do more than mask the heat of quick-burning, dry tobaccos. The coolest cigarette is the *freshest* cigarette—the least irritating, the one that has the costliest tobacco. A cigarette blended from expensive tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

CAMELS

about the cigarettes you smoke

6. *Question:* **What is the purest cigarette?**

Answer: All popular cigarettes are made under sanitary conditions unsurpassed even in the packing of foods. All cigarettes are made with practically identical modern machinery. Uniformly fine cigarette paper is used. If any single manufacturer should claim superior purity it could only be interpreted as a confession of weakness *unless he pinned his claim exclusively on the tobacco he used.* Purity in a cigarette lies in the tobacco used. Choice grades of tobacco, from which even the fine dust of the tobacco itself has been removed, are less irritating, therefore "purer" than inferior tobaccos. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

7. *Question:* **What about blending?**

Answer: Even if other manufacturers should in the future use the finer, more expensive tobaccos which go into Camels, they would still be unable to duplicate Camel's *matchless blending.* Tobaccos are blended to give a cigarette its own distinctive *individuality.* The characteristic delicacy and flavor of the Camel blend have won not only the esteem of the American public, but the sincere admiration of other cigarette manufacturers, who have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and years of effort trying to discover how the costly tobaccos in Camels are blended. But in vain. Camel's *matchless blend* is a priceless asset. Yet its fine full flavor is made possible because Camels use *more expensive* tobacco. ***It's the tobacco that counts.***

It is a Fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. We actually pay MILLIONS MORE every year to insure your enjoyment.

(Signed) **R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY**
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

NO TRICKS
...JUST
COSTLIER
TOBACCOS
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

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200,000 women sent for this recipe book

200,000 *husbands praise them for it!*

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When almost a quarter of a million women send for one cook book it must be pretty good. Especially since they write letters like these:

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Women like "100 Standard Recipes" because every recipe is easy to follow. Instructions are simple, complete, and well written. And, because every recipe has been *tested twice* in an actual kitchen, results are always sure.

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For the enclosed 10¢ please send me a copy of Liberty's "100 Standard Recipes."

Name ....

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Here's something new and very good—one of Liberty's *"100 Standard Recipes"*

BUTTERSCOTCH ROLLS—RECIPE 5

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons fat
¾ cup milk

Mix the ingredients as for baking powder biscuit (see recipe 1). Roll out to one-fourth inch thickness, spread the dough with 1 tablespoon butter, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons brown sugar, and roll up as for jelly roll. Cut into three-fourth inch slices and place these pieces, cut side down, and at least one inch apart, in a butterscotch mixture in a cake pan. The butterscotch mixture is made by working one-half cup brown sugar and one-fourth cup butter to a smooth, creamy mixture and spreading it in a uniform layer in a greased cake pan. If the rolls are placed too close together the sirup will overflow into the oven, therefore be sure to space them well apart. Bake as for biscuit in a very hot oven, 475° F., twelve to fifteen minutes. Remove from pan while hot. For family of six.

Cash Prizes for "Dinkies"

$250

IN SIXTY-FOUR CASH AWARDS THIS WEEK

You Can Win $50 by Writing Eight Words
Do It Now!

AGAIN Liberty offers its readers $250 in easy money to be won by writing " Dinkies." If you missed last week's explanation of what a Dinky is, here is a résumé. A Dinky is a four-line verse, two words to a line, second and fourth lines rhyming, and tells a complete story or episode as did the verses in Liberty's Limerick contests. And think of it! By submitting the best Dinky in accordance with the brief, simple rules, you can win as much as $50. That's the first prize. There are sixty-three others, any one of which you may win if you happen to miss out on the first prize. Certainly you'll never get $50 any easier than by writing an eight-word Dinky.

Here are some examples for your guidance. Look them over and then write some for yourself. For instance:

Trumped ace!
Sweet wife
Whams mate.
Gets " Life."

Here lies
Gus Thistle.
Didn't hear
Train whistle.

Wet street.
Jake Riches
Took skid.
Ten stitches.

Now you write some. And send them in as directed in the rules. Your chance to win the big prize is the equal of anyone's. The main thing is to file an entry. You can't win unless you enter. Be sure to write, or print, your name and full address *plainly* on your entry. Entries with incomplete or unreadable addresses will be rejected. You may submit as many Dinkies as you wish, each Dinky to be filed as a separate and complete entry, but only one prize will be paid to any competitor in any week's contest.

Here's a great chance to test out your inventiveness and your ability to make rhymes. Get the other members of the family to try their skill against yours. Compare the results. You'll find it a lot of fun. And, in addition, if your entry is awarded a cash prize you'll find it the biggest rate per word that you may ever collect for any writing of any sort: Liberty will welcome your entry.

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, February 6. Mail your entry in good season.

A Dinky You Write May Win One of These Cash Prizes This Week!

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

DEC. 24 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

JAMES GREENAN,
Pawtucket, R. I.

TEN $10 PRIZES

Mrs. F. Ferrerd, Annapolis, Md.; Mrs. G. E. Graffam, Lynn, Mass.; Marian Haller, Middlebury, Vt.; W. E. Mosier, Compton, Calif.; Rev. W. R. Peckham, Woodstock, N. Y.; Fred Ristrim, Des Moines, Iowa; J. M. Stofan, Garfield, N. J.; Esley Tabler, Indianapolis, Ind.; Franklin A. Weigand, Frankford, Pa.; Mrs. H. S. Williams, Louisville, Ky.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Mrs. J. C. Brown, Jr., Los Angeles, Calif.; Abner G. Bjorklund, St. Paul, Minn.; R. L. Kimball, Bristol, Conn.; C. Frank Brockman, Longmire, Wash.; Mrs. C. E. Bisbie, Madelia, Minn.; Faun Black, Salt Lake City, Utah; Maldia Blow, Detroit, Tex.; H. G. Cochrane, Rochester, N. Y.; Don L. Chaffee, Greenville, Mich.; Charles Crate, Mount Dennis, Ont.; Mrs. F. E. Davenport, Austell, Ga.; Mrs. F. H. Dasse, St. Joseph, Mich.; A. W. Ernstmeyer, Corder, Mo.; Frank W. Fitch, Athens, Ga.; Laura Foster, Norwalk, Conn.

Walter Frederick, Amherst, Ohio; Sara M. Hartwell, Baltimore, Md.; Joan Doris Haviland, Arlington, N. J.; Alice M. Kasson, Dorchester, Mass.; George E. Lawson, Lowell, Mass.; Walter G. Lindell, W. Hartford, Conn.; Jacqueline Lindberg, Sacramento, Calif.; Albert J. Lirot, Meriden, Conn.; Paul W. Macfarlane, Pasadena, Calif.; Grace Millon, Meriden, Conn.; Harold S. Nelson, Owatonna, Minn.; Jack Norton, Luverne, Minn.; Willis Ranberg, Hempstead, N. Y.; Mrs. William Regenass, Paterson, N. J.

G. B. Roane, Irvington, N. Y.; Margaret Russell, Detroit, Mich.; George T. Ruxton, Oakland, Calif.; Emma H. Schellenger, Elkhart, Ind.; Henry Schroyen, Regina, Sask.; W. D. Speight, Peoria, Ill.; Aida Varnerin, Roxbury, Mass.; Helen Waite, Blacknell, Okla.; Dale E. Wildoner, San Diego, Calif.; Merritt L. Winchell, Jr., Vallejo, Calif.; Jack Wurts, Medford, Ore.

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER $250 DINKY CONTEST AND SEVENTH WEEK SNAPSHOT CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

HELL Hounds!

By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In Collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO

An Ambush in a Mountain Glen—The End of a Dream—Planning Desertion—The Temple of the Golden Calf—Two Other Fugitives—Midnight and Escape

They were almost on top of us before the order to charge was given. We dashed out upon them like fiends lusting for blood.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 40 seconds.)

ALL along, the idea of deserting—or, as they saw it, escaping—had been more or less in the minds of Legionnaire 1384 and his sidekick, McCann. In last week's installment he told how at Damascus they were "propositioned" by a comrade named Hoffman, who showed them a lot of money, explained that he had met the daughter of a rich Druse chief who was raising an army to drive the French out of Syria, and offered them a chance to go along with him and serve the chief as drillmasters. They turned it down, partly because of their distrust of the Druse soldiery, and Hoffman and some others of the Legion deserted without them.

Presently they found themselves involved, with the Fifth Squadron, in the massacre in the Mezzra Bowl. It occurred when, through the blunder of the colonel in command, a French column marching on the Druse stronghold of Souider encamped for the night in the Bowl, a depression among the mountains. The Druses in overwhelming force swept down from the heights and cut the column to pieces. The Fifth Squadron, which had been detached as a rear guard, helped to cover the retreat of the remnant that escaped.

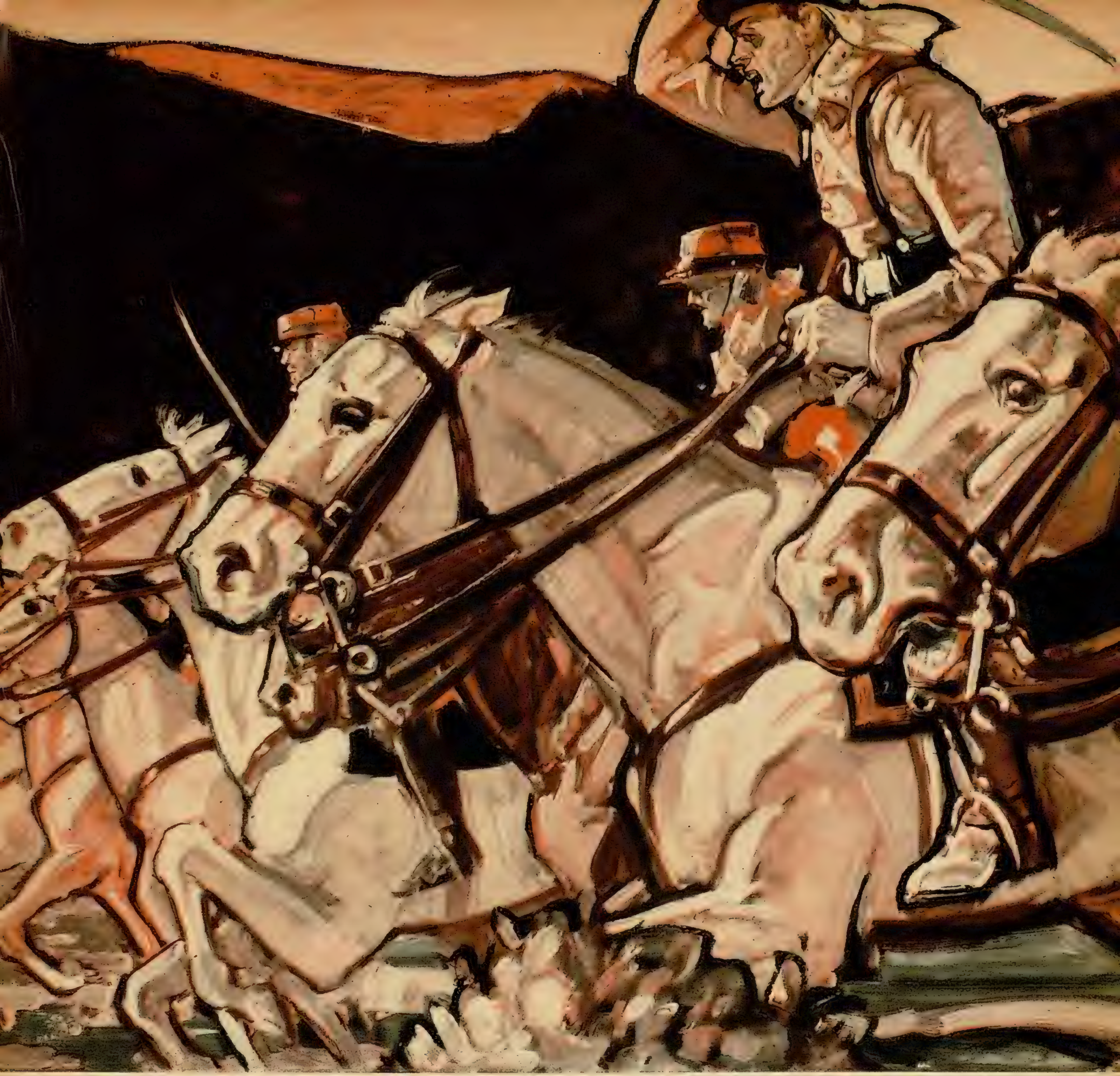
In Galilee the two comrades took part, under orders, in searches for deserters that gave unlimited opportunity for looting and rapine at the expense of the Arab population. One such search ended in their discovering four deserters in a sickening plight. They had sought refuge in the house of a native; he had drugged them, and had tattooed obscene designs on their foreheads. Two days after surrendering, these disfigured men were shot in punishment for their attempt to "escape."

None the less, Galilee was near the border of Palestine, a haven because the British flag flew over it, and the lie of the country seemed to offer rare advantages for a get-away. But Legionnaire 1384 and McCann had to leave it. With their outfit, they took part in the capture and occupation of Souider.

PART NINE—OVER THE HILL TO FREEDOM

TRUE, it was a great little battle for the Legion, that entry into Souider. It was something fresh in warfare for us. We had usually been in the position of the poor devils who had tried to hold their own in Souider—the defenders, not the attackers.

Next day we got back to normal, beginning our duties by burying the dead. That done, we were set to rebuilding the walls and cleaning up the roads.



Day after day the Druses kept up an incessant sniping from the mountains behind us, picking off a horse here and a man there. It never stopped. Whatever we were doing, watering the horses, standing on parade, making roads, carrying rations, the sniping went on—phut, phut, phut! The planes hovered above the mountains and bombed, but all to no purpose. They could not reach the secret caves of the Druses.

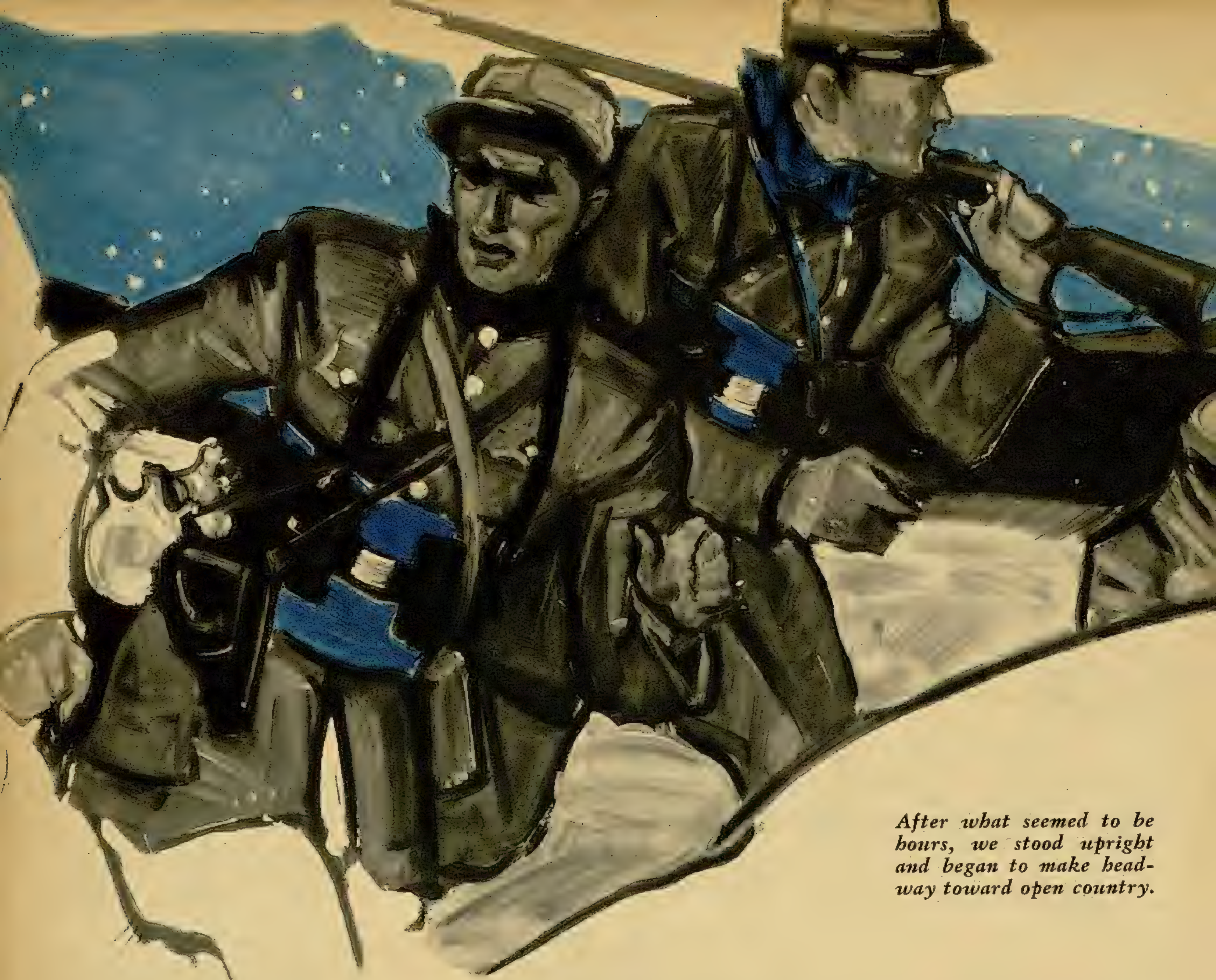
And while the sniping continued, other chiefs of the Druses came into the city to sign their pledges of peace and acknowledge the French flag. On the plain immediately below us, where Spahis Moroccan patrolled, guarding the cattle that the column had collected *en route*, the snipers were busy, harassing and menacing the camp.

They were also at work farther afield, for our squadron was turned out to go in search of a transport column that was unable to make Souider on account of the marauding bands. That was but the beginning of a series of skirmishes marked down for the Legion cavalry. We found ourselves dedicated to the job of hunting bandits and stray detachments of Druses who infested the mountains behind Souider. They knew the ground, every hole and cranny of it. We, on the other hand, must perforce move blindly, never knowing what we should find round the next corner. Also, it was difficult going for the mounts.

We endured this guerrilla warfare for about ten days, and lost four officers and thirty men in the process. Never a day, never for a single hour, during our sojourn in Souider were we permitted any respite. Our squadron developed a definitely mutinous temper. There was the everlasting talk of desertion, though how anyone could hope to get away from such a place I could not imagine—not then, yet I came to do more than imagine it a fortnight later. I actually attempted it!

THERE were two things that brought about our change of mind with regard to the possibility of escaping from the Legion in such country as this. One was the news that, after we had done all the dirty work necessary in Souider, which might take several weeks, we were to be passed on without rest to the outpost of Derra-Zor, a spot rumored to be Syria's most perfect hell hole. I never went there to confirm the rumor. The other incident occurred during a pitched battle in the mountains.

We were approaching a narrow gully when an Arab spy came up and reported to the Skipper that a large band was moving toward us. We immediately dropped



After what seemed to be hours, we stood upright and began to make headway toward open country.

back and sought concealment behind a head of rocks. From this point of vantage we watched them approach. There must have been two or three hundred of them, mounted, carrying all sorts of equipment, modern rifles and sabers, as well as old-fashioned guns and long straight swords. Some of them wore chest plates that glistened in the sun, and all carried dozens of rounds of ammunition on their persons and on the horses. Behind them rode their women, bringing with them the transport wagons. Verily this was a new army, extremely well equipped and accoutered for battle. And surely they would get the battle! We watched their advance with something like amusement. They looked for all the world like an army of days long gone by, marching straight out of a child's picture book.

They came on, marvelously sure of themselves, and unconscious of what was awaiting them. They were almost on top of us before the order to charge was given.

We dashed out upon them like a lot of fiends lusting for blood, which perhaps we were. God! What a frightful scramble it was! We were in their midst, slashing right and left, before they had time to draw. No waiting to go over the top here! Just old-fashioned, blood-spilling, hand-to-hand fighting. Many of them were thrown from their horses and trampled into the rock-strewn road by the fierce onrush. The women behind set up a terrific screaming, while the fighters on both sides cursed and yelled at each other. In the middle of it all, swinging a saber as no other man could, was Captain Dupont, he of the charmed life, having it all his own way in this, his true element. In less than half an hour we had hacked our way through the bunch of them. Scores, beheaded or with limbs severed, lay about that narrow defile, and we charged on after the fleeing rear guard.

We rounded up the sixty or so who remained on their feet and took them prisoners. Some of the squadron had chased after the women, and returned to the head of the gully with most of them. They were dumped into their own wagons and placed under guard. What a gory scene it was! What a picture for those shivering camp followers to gaze upon! The road was simply a mass of broken bodies, which were not even moved as the wagons were brought up, jolting over them! The Skipper sat his mount and surveyed the scene with a gleam of fanaticism in his eyes. He was splashed with blood, as indeed most of us were. It was one of the bloodiest corners I have ever encountered, and it stank!

SUDDENLY Captain Dupont began to laugh, and pointed with his saber at one of our comrades. He was a Swiss boy, and he was engaged in an occupation at that moment which showed clearly that he must have gone *cafard*, for he was treading around the wounded Druses, a *bidon* in one hand and a Mauser in the other. His procedure was to raise the head of a wounded man, give him a drink from the bottle he carried, and then shoot him between the eyes. He was performing this office in such a cool, calm, and unconcerned manner that, knowing the lad as I did, I felt sure he could not be aware of his senseless bestiality, his inhuman cruelty.

I dared not interfere, since the Skipper was only too obviously enjoying the performance. He let him go on, roaring with laughter as the half-wit went from one bandit to another, giving a sip, then a shot, a sip and a

shot, until quite a number of the men and officers gathered to watch him and enjoy the sport. It was nothing, of course, when compared with the torture that wounded Legionnaires had often been subjected to by the Druses; and yet it seemed so utterly senseless!

I was suddenly drawn away from this watching group by my chum McCann, who rode up with his face in a ghastly mess. He had had a nasty slash. But it was not that so much which made me gasp at the sight of him. It was a look of something like horror in his eyes.

"Come on!" he croaked. "Over here, in the gully. Gosh, Barrington! You'll get the shock of your lousy life! Here it is! Get down! Look!"

I dismounted and went over to the dead body he indicated, one of a heap.

"God in heaven! It's—it's Hoffman!"

"Surest thing you know, boy! That's who it is—our old pal Hoffman! And this gol-darned crowd that we've just sliced up is the big army he started to drill a couple o' months ago. Can you beat it? His head's still on, but it's a miracle! Somebody plugged him, besides. I wonder who? Gosh! What a game this is!"

"And we might have been with him," I said.

"Yeah! Sure we might! Didn't he talk about his li'l' girl, and her old man who had pots of dough? Remember his showing us the good crisp notes? Gosh, boy, an' here he is, stone dead. Suffering Mike! Isn't it enough to make a guy walk right off into the desert and never come back?"

"And we'll do it, Mac. I'm through with this show, and I don't give a damn what happens. I'm going to slip, the first chance that comes along. You on?"

"Betcha sweet life, boy! Shake!"

WE did shake, a solemn vow, over the body of Hoffman. We took Hoffman's hand, too, before we finally covered up his face and left him. We dared not do more than that, dared not attempt to bury him, or we should have drawn the attention of others, many of the squadron being still on the prowl for dead man's loot.

That was the beginning of the end of life in the French Foreign Legion for McCann and me. We had discussed the possibilities of escape thousands of times, in all sorts of places, but this time we meant it. We would quit, whatever the cost. We had come to the end of our endurance. We were not built on lines as tough as our Skipper. Tough enough we were, and had proved ourselves. But we had limits.

What a victory for France! I wonder how many such victories she has had through the Legion of the Lost? It was all in life, Hoffman had said that night when we drank to our next meeting! Friends one day, enemies the next! All in life! But, merciful powers, what a life!

We fell in, a singing, jostling, laughing crowd who had won an unexpected victory that, actually, had been wholesale slaughter. There was no holding those jubilant men. The commandant made no attempt to check them, as he would in other circumstances. Let them sing, let them throw their coarse jests to the prisoners, let them playfully prod the captured women helplessly shackled in their trucks, let them use their whips as they pleased! Did they not deserve their reward, these bearded men as easily humored as prattling children, who stank of gore and wine, whose eyes leered and whose lips fouled noisily over the women in the cart, savoring delights to come?

"Listen, Barrington. We'll get a chance to wash up after this. D'ya get me? That'll be our time to talk."

I was riding some distance behind the Skipper, and McCann was alongside me. The squadron was moving at a walk-march, for our commandant was taking things easy after this good day's work.

"We'll take some clobber round to the fountain in the temple courtyard as soon as we're free, and we can discuss the details over the washing."

"You got it, boy. But—say! What in hell we going to do with the loot?"

I SAT up with a jolt. Good Lord. Our loot was going to be one big proposition.

"If we were found in the desert with all that stuff in our packs, we should be murdered on sight."

"Dangerous stuff, boy. Damned dangerous. I guess we've got to do something about it. What say?"

"I should think we might take a little of the smaller stuff, maybe. It will be useful when we want to turn it into cash later on."

"Yeah? And what about all the rest? Gee, Barrington, there must be pretty nearly twelve thousand pounds' worth. I guess I know something about jewels and antiques, seeing it's my old man's trade. Boy! Think of the old gent, over there in Detroit, selling stuff at hundreds of dollars a time, and we gotta give the blamed loot away!"

"Give nothing, you big stiff! We'll bury it."

"Bury it! What'n hell for? That won't do any good."

"Would it do us any good to give it away? Wouldn't the boys suddenly get suspicious? We don't want to go round bidding good-by to the squadron, you sap!"

"Well, I guess there's something in that," he said.

"Besides, if we bury it properly, we'll always know where it is. You never know, you know! Perhaps, in a few years' time—"

"Huh! If you think you're going to bury stuff now and come back and dig it up in a few years' time—well, boy, you've got another guess coming!"

"Don't be a damned ass, McCann. I tell you we can bury this loot in one of those vaults under the temple, and if nobody sees us it will be safe there for a hundred years, if you like."

"Yeah? Gosh, Barrington, I get you! I reckon the Druses will never use the Temple of the Golden Calf any more, now it's been polluted by us infidels, an' the French won't touch it at all because of the burial ground there. Gee! I can see that place standing for centuries. Why, it's the slickest hiding place for loot in the whole damned Syrian country!"

"Of course it is! And we'll bury the stuff there when we go down with the washing."

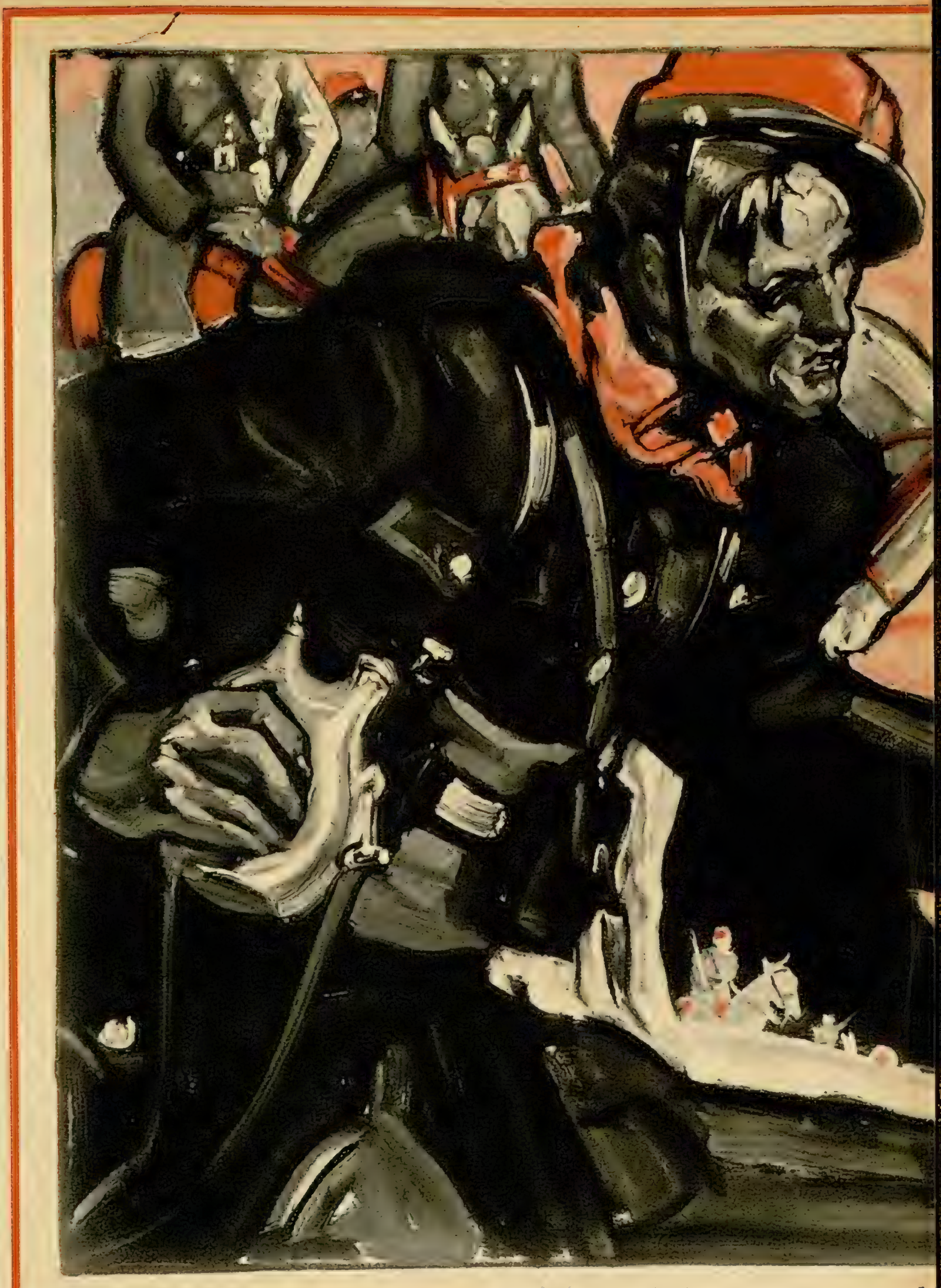
"Betcha life! Look out!"

"Marchez au trot!" bawled the Skipper.

We were moving up to the walls of Souider by this time, a very proud commander at our head, a bunch of prisoners in our midst, and with us, too, the first women to enter the city since our occupation! No wonder the Legion cavalry rode in as if they owned the place! In a few minutes we should dismiss, since the squadron must be given a chance to clean the grime and gore from their uniforms, and probably there would be no more duties that day.

It was as we had anticipated. In a few minutes we had handed over the prisoners and watered and stabled the horses, and McCann and I were making our way toward the Temple of the Golden Calf with bundles of washing.

The temple is worth passing mention, for it was here that the Golden Calf had rested. What had become of it when it was removed, or by whom, none seemed to know. It may have been taken away when the Druses evacuated the city. That, at all events, was the general belief. But the huge marble plinth on which it had been poised still remained intact, and about the walls were mosaic representations of the Golden Calf together with a variety of inscriptions in Arabic.



The boy's procedure was to raise th
drink from the water bottle he carried

Our washing, with the necessary bath and delousing operations, we carried out at the fountain that stood in the center of the great square courtyard. There was only one snag about that bit of washing and planning. We were presently joined by two German friends from the squadron, Lais and Weisser, who proceeded to divest themselves of their lousy shirts and tuck into the washing.

"I say, you chums," commented Lais, who was a man of forty, and who had learned his English facing the Tommies in Flanders. "I say, you two chums, what do you think of clearing out and trying to get to Palestine?"

I STARED at McCann. He also stood at gaze.

"My chum here, Weisser," Lais said, jerking his head toward his pal, "he think we make good get-away from here because we are more south. Make Palestine easier, *hein?*"

"*Gott im Himmel!*" growled Weisser. "We make him very easy. Souider is good spot to get away. Senegalese make double guard tonight. They are not good soldiers. Bah! We have little trouble!"

"Awright!" groaned McCann. "But, for the love of Mike, don't start arguing about it!"

"Yes," I snapped, feeling just as sore. "Why the hell don't you get up on the balcony there, and shout good-by to the boys before you go?"

But those two thick-headed Germans who had butted in on our beautiful plans were too phlegmatic to appreciate our sarcasm, much less the reason for it. If they had made up their minds to desert this very evening—the sun would be gone in another hour—we should be very unwise to desert as well without warning them of the fact, for that might mean a terrible bungling. Much the same kind of thought, I could see, was passing through McCann's mind. I felt a kick on the ankle.

"Guess we'll have to take 'em with us," he muttered.

"Sure. Safest thing to do."

"Awright! Let's go! Now, listen, you bull-nosed Jerries. No hokey-pokey business. D'ya get me?"

"*Mein Gott!* You t'ink we play fool?"

"Only once, boy! Only once!"

"Listen, chums," pacified Lais. "We understand. All right. We make the plan for tonight. We go together, *hein?*"

"Got any money, Jerry?"

"We have little. We save a long time. No wine. No woman. Make little loot and make little money. We two chums all right. You?"

"Oh, yes, we're all right," I said. "We've been saving up, too, I don't think."

"Why did you join the Legion, *hein?*"

"Well, Jerry, why did you?"

"I tell you," he said solemnly. "They tell us we have five francs a day—"

"Five francs!"

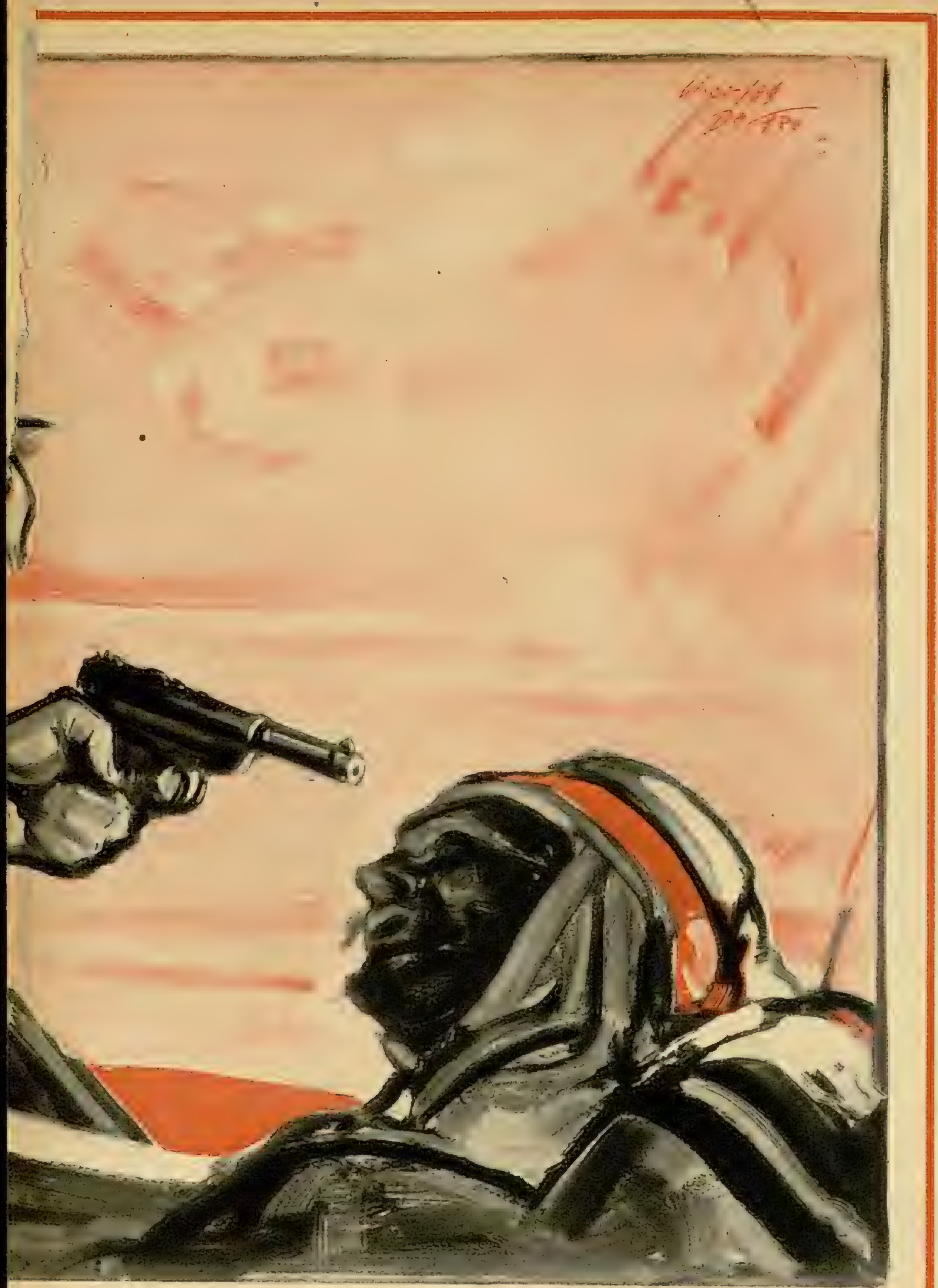
"Yes, five francs! But wait. I say, very well, I go. But in Marseilles I meet German brother who is going home. He has one arm shot off. He tell me all about the Legion. Then I say I will not go, *hein?* But they make me sleep. I sign. *Hacht!* I come!"

"Hey! What'n hell's all this? D'ya mean they kidnaped you?"

That, in effect, was exactly what Jerry did mean. He and his friends had been drugged and shanghaied. We had come upon similar cases before.

LAIS told us all about it in his vivid, uncertain English as we washed our shirts. And as he talked, growing ever more passionate and guttural, our determination to make a bid for freedom that very night grew and strengthened. He and his friend Weisser were welcome to join us. They were men after our own kidney. Good! Before morning we should be many miles away, across the plains, heading for Palestine!

We made our plans by that fountain—shall I ever forget it!—arranged the time of our meeting under cover of darkness, decided on what to wear and the kit to be carried. We were as excited as children at a party, though we contrived not to show it. Water was the main thing. We must collect some *bidons,* for we should need to carry at least three per man. As for arms and ammu-



ead of a wounded Druse, give him a
nd then shoot him between the eyes.

nition, it was impossible for them to draw theirs, but I, as officer's servant and bodyguard, always carried a rifle and a Mauser pistol. We should be able to get along with those. They'd be useful in case of trouble. We had the advantage of the great majority of deserters in that respect.

AS soon as darkness fell McCann and I collected our loot and made our way to the temple. There were Senegalese guards on the outer walls of the courtyard, but they did not trouble me, as I often had to pass through the quadrangle with messages. We had marked down a particular vault under the temple for our hiding place. And there we silently buried the stuff, among the bones of Eastern nobles who had gone before.

There was nothing more to do now save wait for the supreme moment! Midnight—and freedom!

Can you imagine how we felt that night? We had got down to our bunks like the rest of the squadron, but beneath our blankets we were fully dressed, with the rifle and the Mauser, the *bidons* filled with water, the mess tins full of rations and dates jammed tight in equipment, all waiting for the moment when we should creep out of this once mighty fortress, now practically in ruins, waiting for the magic hour of midnight.

I don't think I have ever suffered such nerves or been so excited in my life. In spite of my fierce determination not to dwell on the problem, a whole procession of other such attempts would parade through my mind. And the inevitable question clamored for answer: Should we do it? Should we succeed where so many had failed? Should we ever make Palestine? Should we ever see the first outpost of the British Empire with the Union Jack flying?

There came a sudden swift tug at my blanket. A crouching form moved along between the sleeping men. Now for the chance to practice that catfooted tread of the Arabian—a slinking crawl and no noise. I joined McCann and the two Germans outside. Mac, for all his cumbersome length and the impeding rifle, moved like a ghost. Nobody spoke. The night was deathly quiet. It seemed that the slightest sound would give us away in that heavy stillness.

THE night was pitch black, but we knew every inch of the road that led to the courtyard of the temple, for we must cross this before we could reach the broken outer walls of the city, thence down the slope to the plains and freedom. There were double sentries at the courtyard, and double sentries again on the city walls. But, as we knew, they were all Senegalese, imitation soldiers, conscripted against their will, who spent their nights of guard either in drowsing or in shivering with fear.

We came to the broken wall of the courtyard and started to climb over. In places it was not more than three or four feet high. It was, in fact, still in process of rebuilding. It had been agreed that I should lead, from the start and onward. I led over that broken wall with a vengeance. I slipped, went over the top, and took half a ton of stone and dirt and dust with me! God! What a hellish clatter I made! It sounded to our strained ears like a score of French seventy-fives all pounding at once.

We all lay perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe. A little distance away we heard the startled, drowsy comments of the Senegalese. They put the noise down to prowling jackals, and we breathed again. Close to my ear, as we lay on the ground, McCann bit off a dozen words:

"You blasted son of a ——!"

Pause.

"You flaming ——!"

He was boiling with rage and restraining himself with the utmost difficulty. My infernal slip might have cost us our lives. Had the Legion been on guard that night we should never have got away. A dozen shots would have been poured into the center of that clattering of stones, and no questions asked.

McCann crept about us, quietly clearing stones and rubbish, before we got to our feet again. We crawled around the courtyard and then took the outer wall safely.

We began a slow and careful descent of the hillside. On the plain immediately below us were more guards, Spahis Moroccan this time, patrolling the camp where the cattle was herded, and where the transport wagons and the airplanes rested.

We made a wide detour around these and got past them without mishap. After what seemed to be hours of backaching crouch, we stood upright and began to make swifter headway toward the open country. Once we had cleared the camps, McCann gave full vent to his heated, pent-up blasphemy.

" Of all the —— sons of ——! "

" Oh, shut up! We're not out of the woods yet! "

" Don't make noise," muttered Laïs uneasily. " We all good chums together now."

We trudged on in silence. I went first with the Mauser, next came McCann with the rifle, and behind him the two Germans loaded with *bidons*. Mac might curse and blaspheme, but my heart sang as we proceeded under the thick cover of darkness across the sandy wastes toward freedom. We were fit and fresh and full of hope, and it was arranged that we should march all night until dawn, then find shelter from the heat, the prowling bandits, and the Partisans. We calculated that if we kept on in a southwesterly direction we were bound to make the Palestine border.

Never shall I forget that night, the forced march, the sudden alarms, false and true, the arguments as to direction, the passing hamlets where dogs would bark, the sudden snuffle-snuffle of the jackal packs that attempted to get in our way. We had to restrain an insane desire to yell and sing. Once we sighted a band of horsemen. They topped a ridge and came on toward us. We ducked behind a sand drift. They passed us so closely that we might almost have touched them. What a terrible ten minutes that was! Suppose they had halted—decided to camp on top of us for the night!

We were fully aware of what we were doing, fully conscious of the penalty of failure. There was a price upon our heads. A hundred francs each—four hundred francs for the capture, to say nothing of the amusement we should provide in that little matter of torture. And yet that night we were amazingly happy. We were tasting freedom. We believed we should get through.

It must have been that blackest hour before dawn when we met the ghost.

" Down, everybody! " I gasped, and we flopped on our bellies in the sand.

OUT of the desert came a shadowy form, a ghostly form all in white, advancing toward us slowly, meditatively, but inevitably, it seemed. Nearer and nearer he drew until he was within a few feet of us. By this time I could see his face quite plainly above the snow-white burnoose, his long beard, hook nose, strange eyes of the ascetic. He was wrinkled with age but wonderfully upright. A holy man indeed! He appeared a trifle awe-inspiring at that weird hour. There were no weapons visible, but in his hand he carried a large wooden staff. He stopped, gazed down upon us, and said:

" Why hide, my friends? I know you are there. You are even now thinking of shooting me."

" Well, if this don't beat the band, I'm a son of a ——! Why in hell don't you shoot, Barrington? "

" Shoot yourself, you big stiff! You've got a gun. My arm's paralyzed."

" No shoot! No shoot! " whispered Laïs.

The old man stood at gaze, regarding us with a strange but philosophic calm.

" Say, Father Christmas, what's the big idea? "

" I am, my friends, Father of the Desert. For unnumbered years I have lived alone, watching my people wage a fruitless war against the infidels. You, my friends, belong to a great nation, but your wandering spirits have led you into a strange land to fight against my people, to fight not for the glory of your own countries but for that of another. Truly you are strange people. Now you have grown tired of war and the shedding of blood. But come! It grows late. I have many miles to travel. Will you not give me a drop of your water and a portion of your bread? "

We gave him a water bottle and some biscuits. He sat in the sand, his head bent low in prayer, then began to eat and drink.

" Gosh! Can you beat it? Here we are, sitting in the middle of the desert entertaining a—a—well, a page of the Old Testament! Shucks! Ain't we supposed to be hot-footing? But I guess Father Christmas could do with a smoke. Here, have one of these, dad."

" No, my son. It is forbidden."

THE old man rose leisurely to his feet. His every movement was slow, measured, dignified. We rose too, mechanically, rather taken aback by this totally unexpected visitor and his ineffable air of peace in that region of bloodshed.

" I must be on my way. May Allah guide you, my friends. You will pass through many dangers as yet, and suffer much pain. But it is as Allah wills."

We gazed after him treading softly through the sand, his head bowed as if he were deep in prayer. We were too astonished to do anything but stare after the white shadow.

" Well, Barrington, what do you make of that? Either we've gone plumb *cafard* or that guy hypnotized us! "

" ' There are more things in heaven and earth '—"

" Haw, shut up! "

" He said," moaned Weisser, " that we should go through many dangers and suffer much pain."

" Now, now, Jerry! Nix on that stuff! You're taking old Father Christmas too literally—d'ya get me? He meant before we die, not before we get to Palestine! "

I wondered.

" Come on! Let's go! "

" Yes! At the double! "

We started off at a run, our heavy boots slithering through the sand. But there was some comfort in that jog trot. It helped us to make up for lost time, and, though none of us would have admitted this, it also helped to rid us of the sense of unreality that the old man had somehow infused. We kept it up for a couple of miles or so, but it was difficult going, for we had to hold our kit and guns and bottles close to our sides lest we make too much noise, and that impeded our movements. We fell into a rapid march, now nearing the end of our first night of travel. Tomorrow night we ought to be within sight of the range of hills beyond which we should find freedom.

" Down, everybody! "

I dropped so suddenly that the others coming up behind fell on top of me.

" What in hell—"

" Look! Can't you see that light? "

What an ominous indication that light proved to be, and the subsequent peril of the four deserting Legionnaires, with a hint of their ultimate fate, will appear in next week's installment of Hell Hounds!

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MONEY *DID* IT!

A Short Short Story

By FRANCINE FINDLEY

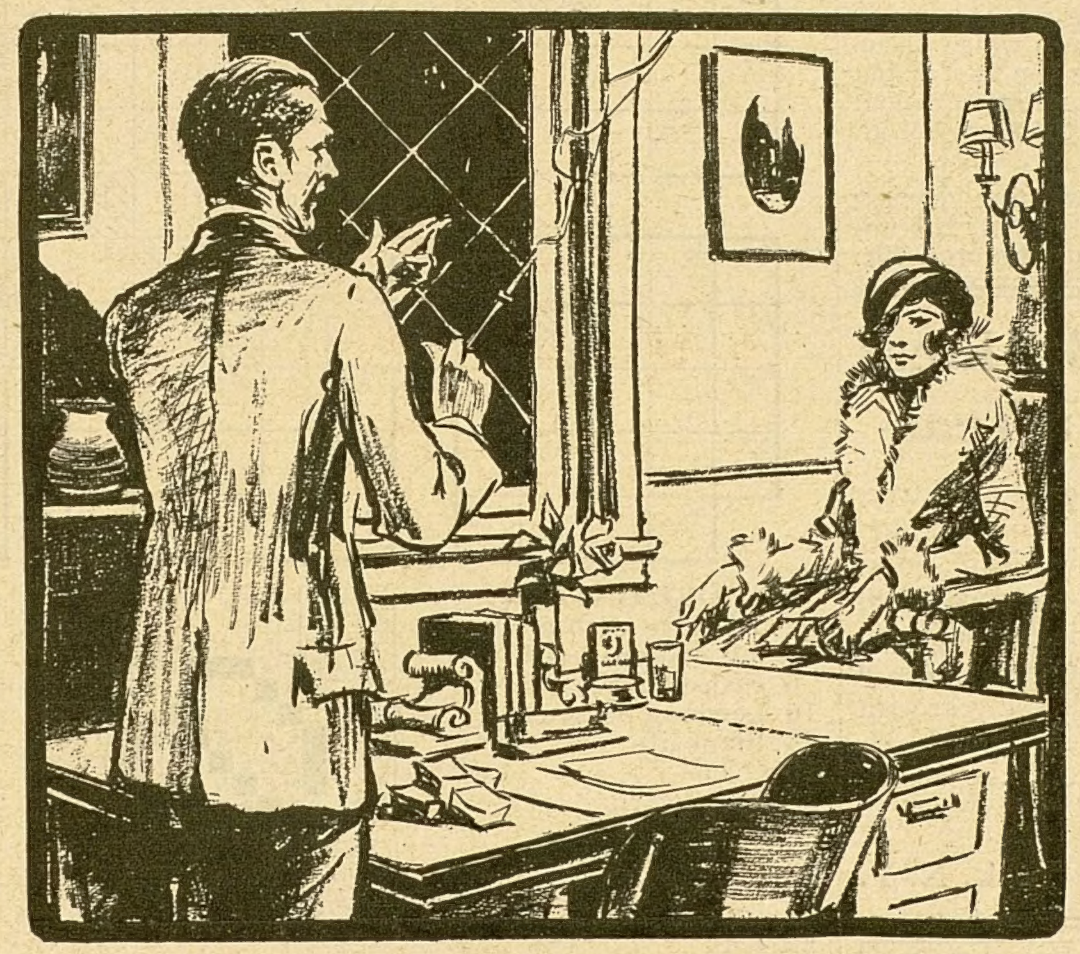
(Reading time: 3 minutes 56 seconds.)

THE Craddocks of Craddockstown, Massachusetts, had one motto: Money can do anything. It was their boast that millions walked on the soles of the Craddocks; but the town muttered that the Craddocks, proud and arrogant and cold, walked on the souls of the thousands who slaved in the huge Craddock shoe factory that reared its clustered smokestacks against the distant hills.

"They kin git away with anything because they got money. A lot they care about the law or anything else!"

That's the way the town put it. And the town was almost right.

In the sumptuous library of the Craddock mansion a momentous conference had been hurriedly called. Emily Ashburton Craddock, since her husband's death the mistress of the Craddock fortune; the Hon. Stewart Layton, lifelong friend of the Craddocks, and eminent head of the law firm which protected the Craddock millions; and last but far from least, J. Coulter Craddock, heir apparent to the shoe factory and all that it represented. The object of the conference had just been explained very emphatically to the legal light.



"*You are not to annoy him or his family.*"

He was to forestall the imminent scandal that threatened to expose the illicit and clandestine relations of J. Coulter Craddock with the simple-minded but beautiful Jenny Berino. Mrs. Craddock minced no words.

"Who is this girl Jenny Berino?" inquired the Hon. Mr. Layton.

"A factory hand—a half-wit foreigner," stormed Mrs. Craddock. "You can imagine my amazement when my own son confessed this unthinkable situation. Having it happen was frightful enough—but to be involved with a common factory girl! Oh, this is terrible! You must do something at once. This must never get out."

The lawyer looked at her and spread his hands. "But I don't see how it can be kept quiet."

Mrs. Craddock drew her thin patrician lips together and stared at him. Then she lifted her chin disdainfully. "Money! Give the girl money—enough to care for herself and the child, when it comes. And get her out of town."

J. Coulter started to speak.

"Be quiet! Take that frightened look off your face. Money can do anything. But this is the last time Crad- k money will do anything like this for you."

"Suppose the girl won't take the money—" the lawyer put in. "Suppose she loves your son—"

"Nonsense! Those creatures have no sensitiveness. Love! More likely she planned for just some such settlement."

The lawyer shook his head and touched his forehead significantly with his forefinger. "You forget that the girl is not quite—"

"What of it? Any fool knows enough to realize the value of money."

The Hon. Stewart Layton promised to do his best to protect the honorable name of Craddock.

THE following afternoon, Saturday, Jenny Berino sat in the sanctum of the lawyer. To his surprise she took the money offered her without protest, and accepted the ticket to Boston.

"And you understand—you are not to annoy him or his family in any way? Nor to think of returning here to live?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. I understand. But all this money—I will not need it."

"You'll find use for it," the lawyer told her, with a pang of pity for her utter simplicity. . . .

Jenny's passing was barely noticed. Few would miss an orphan Portuguese girl. If there were times when J. Coulter thought of her, he felt only relief that she was gone—that money could keep a man's sin from finding him out.

Then, quite unobtrusively and dressed in somber black, Jenny came back to Craddockstown. But only for the day. She made no attempt to bother the family on the hill, nor to place herself before the eyes of young J. Coulter. She had come back because she had found a use for the money the Craddocks had given her on that day when she'd left for Boston. In her simple heart she was grateful and proud that the money made possible what she had come back to do.

Shortly thereafter a tale, fantastic though it seemed, spread through the town. On the main highway, at the outskirts of the town, a crowd had gathered.

There, within the iron pale that inclosed the townfolks' last resting place, had been erected a magnificent and costly monument with this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of my son
J. COULTER CRADDOCK, JR.

Yes, money can do anything!

THE END

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Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny bottles continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

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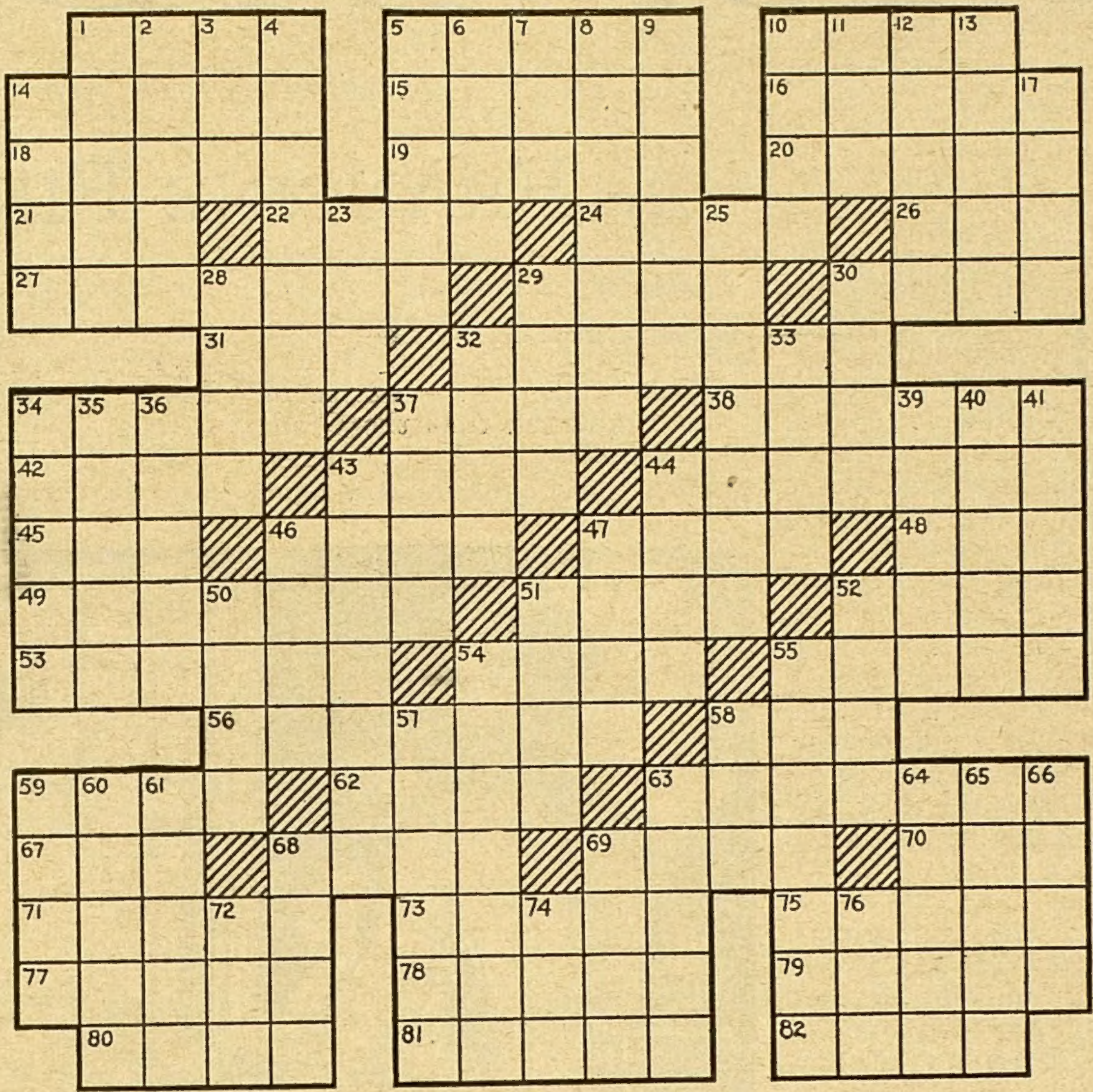
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 To move with a beating motion
5 Fish (plural)
10 Lowbred persons
14 Plant life
15 Over
16 Elliptical
18 Rages
19 Warm
20 Import
21 Before
22 Kill
24 Part of a church
26 Note of a dove
27 Area (military)
29 Skin affection
30 Spreads for drying
31 Period of time
32 One who makes flatware (pottery)
34 A pair
37 Comprehends
38 Chargers
42 Wile
43 Mimics
44 Pertaining to the production of a thing
45 Insect
46 Break off suddenly
47 River in Arizona
48 Eggs
49 Large casks
51 Winnows
52 Snarl
53 Sharp, shrill cry
54 Sups
55 Faded
56 Medicine to allay pain
58 No
59 Son of Adam
62 Part of face
63 Indian tribe

C	E	B	U		M	E	T	A	L		P	A	R	S
A	W	E	S		E	L	I	D	E		A	L	A	E
S	E	T	A		S	A	N	D	Y		D	O	V	E
T	R	A	B	E	A	■	■	■	T	U	R	E	E	N
			L	A	■	S	E	V	E	R	E			
B	R	I	E	■	Y	O	K	E	■	A	S	H	E	S
L	E	R	■	L	A	M	E	■	A	N	■	O	D	E
E	T	A	■	A	L	E	■	A	N	I	■	T	E	N
A	C	T	■	M	E	■	B	L	O	C	■	E	N	S
T	H	E	S	E	■	P	E	E	N	■	E	L	S	E
			I	N	N	A	T	E	■	E	L			
C	H	A	S	T	E	■	■	■	C	R	E	A	T	E
H	I	N	T		W	I	D	E	R		C	R	A	W
E	R	S	E		E	R	O	S	E		T	I	N	E
W	E	A	R		R	E	N	E	W		S	A	G	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

67 Remote
68 Saucy
69 Hastened
70 A beverage
71 Winged
73 Subdued
75 Mistake
77 Exudation from a tree
78 Make glad
79 River in France
80 Transmit
81 Concise
82 Indefinite quantity

VERTICAL

1 An unsteady light
2 Sweetheart
3 Part of to be
4 Transit
5 Evil spirit
6 Comply with orders
7 Cut off
8 Makes manifest
9 Portable chairs
10 House for doves
11 Hail!
12 Step rhythmically
13 Set upright
14 To tease
17 God of love
23 Falsehood
25 Ships
28 Speed contest
29 Ten-meter squares
30 Perennial plant
32 A cheeping sound
33 Vessel for heating liquids
34 Contemptuous name for children
35 Pertaining to certain Norse poetry
36 A flower
37 Mineral springs
39 Short jackets
40 Prima donnas
41 Frighten
43 A flower
44 Traps
46 Examine with care
47 A yawn
50 Genuine
51 Excellent
52 Portal
54 Contraction of the heart
55 Meditates
57 Town in Vermont
58 Born
59 At a distance
60 Large bundles
61 Expunge
63 River in Germany
64 To glance off
65 Single
66 Withered
68 To hang as if balanced
69 Puts
72 A metal
74 To exclude
76 Greek letter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 50 sec.)

GIRLS of all nations write to Francis Lederer—the new Adonis of the stage and screen. Before coming to this country he knocked the maids and matrons of Europe for a row of idol worshipers. Unlike most matinée Lochinvars, Mr. Lederer does not relegate his fan mail to his secretary. Reads every letter with his own brown eyes. Makes a shrewd analysis of the contents. Here are a few of his deductions:

German girls are practical. They tell him they love him. Smacko! Just like that.

French girls rely on wit.

The girls of Hungary are extra romantic. They make dates to meet him at hunting lodges in the Alps.

English misses, says Mr. Lederer, are more friendly than romantic. Their letters discuss the technique of acting, leaving out the more intimate declarations.

Fan letters from American girls follow the impersonal English pattern, but are more informal, more pally.

This scientific Don Juan analyzes his mash notes mathematically, too. Six German girls out of ten write love letters when they write to an actor; English girls, only five out of a hundred; nine out of ten Hungarian girls; and in the Balkans love is unanimous. Oh, those Balkan brunettes! They crave to be slaves. They offer to *work* for Mr. Lederer. The abject devotion of the Oriental female!

Don't make any mistake about Francis Lederer. He is a serious young actor, a keen student of audience psychology. The fan mail he receives from women interests him as so much laboratory material. He has worked hard, has risen on his own merits from obscurity to a high place in the dramatic ranks of Europe. London acclaimed him last year. New York is doing it now. He's a Bohemian—born in Czechoslovakia.

Francis Lederer

GHOULS robbing a new grave in Roumania were dumfounded recently when the lady occupant jumped out of her coffin and ran home, apparently none the worse for having been "dead" and buried. Of course her neighbors are convinced that a miracle took place. Yet the miracle of the "dead" returning to life is practiced commonly in the Orient.

I once knew a rich old Turk who used to astonish his European friends by lying down on a couch, saying, "Now I am going to be dead for just three hours," and dropping off promptly into a deep coma.

You could feel his pulse, turn back his eyelids, put a mirror to his lips—there was no perceptible breath or heartbeat. Three hours later, on the dot, his pulse began to flutter, his breathing resumed. He sat up, hale and hearty. Always he insisted that he had been dead for three hours. Said he could do it because from earliest infancy he had been taught to practice control of all bodily functions—respiration, blood circulation, etc.—functions over which the rest of us have no control.

It is all very creepy and strange, and the only advantage I can think of in being temporarily "dead" whenever you felt like it would be that of dodging bill collectors.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once told me that husbands and wives who follow the same profession cannot be happy together. Too much jealousy, he thought. Too much rivalry.

If Mr. Shaw comes to America next year, as he threatens to do, I think he might change his mind, if that were possible, on the subject of co-professional wives and husbands. Here in this country I have found happily married men and women pursuing all sorts of vocations together—lawyers, engineers, aviators, artists and writers, teachers, architects. I even know one pair of married surgeons, both prominent and distinguished; they cut up the very best people. Among these professional couples I never have noticed any abnormal jealousies, any disquieting rivalry. They get on extremely well in marriage and in work.

Looks to me as though such matings might some day lead to a general increase in matrimonial stability.

A CHINA parrot used to sit on a perch in one of the front windows of the London house where lived the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, noted philanthropist. I saw the china parrot many a time when I, as a little girl, rode sedately past the house in a victoria.

That bird was more than bric-a-brac. It was a diplomat of rare good manners. When the baroness was "at home" the porcelain creature faced the street. When the lady was not receiving callers the bird showed a discreet tail.

I often have wished that some excellent device of this kind might be popularized for general use. It is never pleasant to send callers away with a fibbing "not at home." How much nicer it was to have a china parrot warn them before they rang the bell!

The great Charles Dickens was one of those who frequently called upon the baroness—if the parrot invited him in.

It is not surprising, is it, that this lady should have been noted for her charitable and kindly ways?

I HAVE come to a definite conclusion about the salad that serves as the chief dish of the meal. It should be differently arranged from other salads. Avoided should be those big crisp lettuce leaves that sprinkle the dressing about when they are attacked with a fork. As a luncheon dish, try the chopped up salad molded into a mound surrounded by shredded lettuce. Here is Salad Alida:

Chop very finely 1½ cups celery, ½ cup cooked beets, ½ cup raw apple, ½ cup endive. Add 1 cup finely shredded lettuce. Dress with 1½ tablespoons mayonnaise and a little salt. Mix well.

I ENJOYED John Erskine's new book, Tristan and Isolde. Smart and entertaining. (Published by Bobbs-Merrill.)

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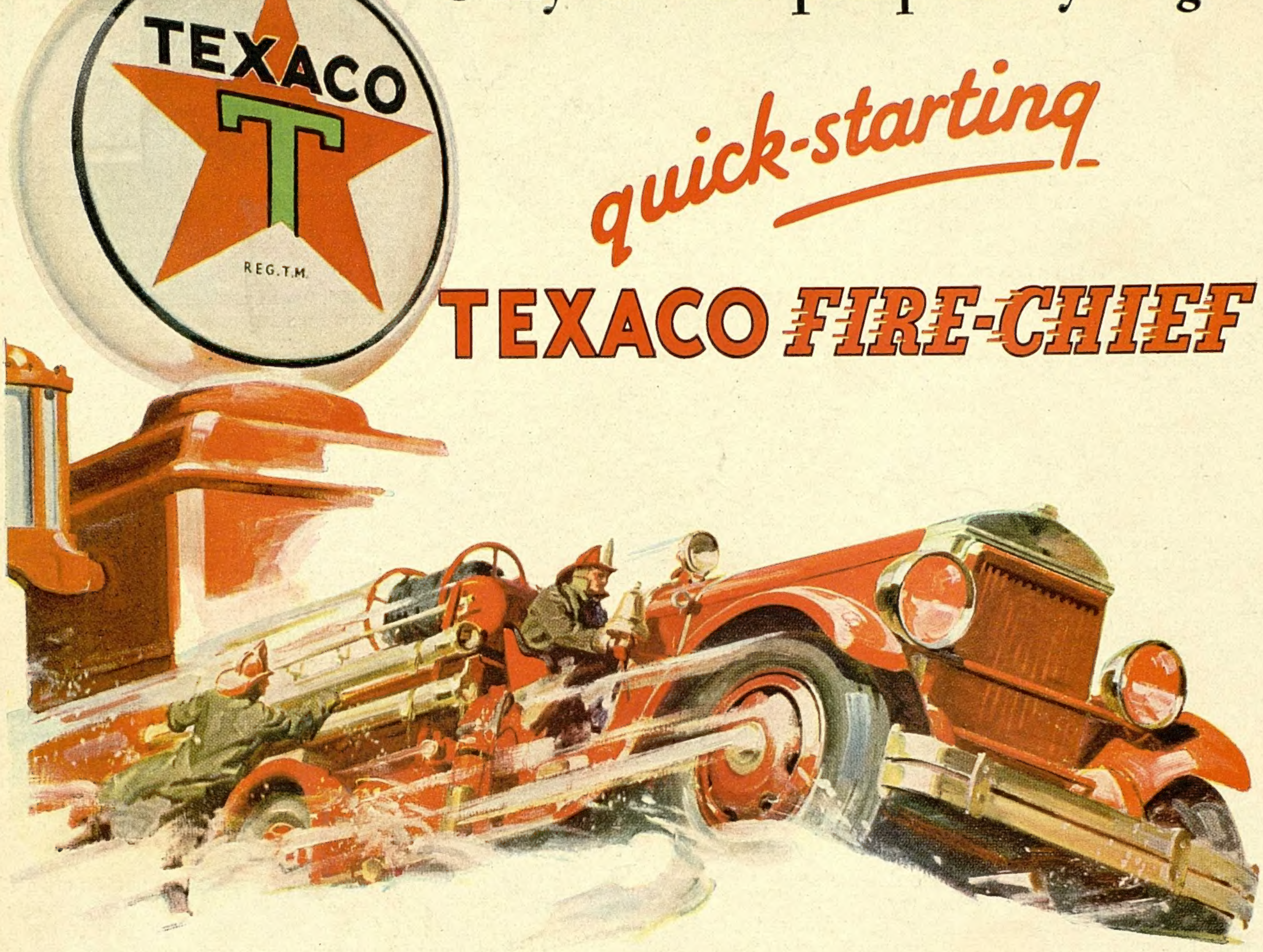

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